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BEHIND THE DOG AND GUN.

A Tale of American Field Sports.

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CHAPTER XIII.

DEER STALKING.

When the pursuit of game is one long match of chess between the wariest and keenest-sensed of animals on the one side, and reason and skill acquired under the rigorous drill sergeant, Experience, on the other, then the pleasure rises to the sublimest pitch attainable in field sports. There are, indeed, times of wilder and more headlong excitement, when, for a time, the blood flies faster and the heart throbs more like a shuttle; but for deep, enduring satisfaction, there is no hunting with the shot gun that equals the out-generalizing by personal skill and overhauling with a single bullet the bounding monarch of the forest, mountain or plain. Grand indeed is the wild music of the bounds when rolling into the ear in a wild, tumultuous *crescendo*, but there are too many days when it dies away in a provoking *diminuendo*. But to the experienced still-hunter, on ground where deer are tolerably plenty, the whole day keeps up an almost continuous tickle on the ribs of anticipation.

The first snow storm of November found Melville and Bolton upon one of the tributaries of the Chippewa river, in Wisconsin, seated by the roaring fire of one of those humble backwoods log cabins, more hospitable, often, than many a palatial mansion, smoking and talking with its owner—one of those whole-souled old settlers so abundant in the wild regions of our country.

Daylight the next morning found them over a mile away from the house. Some two inches of snow lay on the ground, fine, dry, and light, and flying like chaff from their buckskin moccasins.

"Now remember what I tell you," whispered Melville to Bolton; "It's hard for even two good still hunters to work close together, but doubly hard for one to work with a novice, and unless you mind me implicitly and carefully we may not even get sight of anything. These deer have been still hunted a good deal and are very wary. Walk just as I do, and except when I send you around somewhere, you had better tread exactly in my tracks close behind me. Be sure and not set your foot upon a stick, or snap a twig, or let your clothes touch brush; make no noise whatever; stop the instant I do, and mind the motions of my hand or head without stopping to find out why I make them."

They crossed several tracks which to Bolton looked fresh; but Melville passed them by with scarcely a glance.

"Last evening's or yesterday's," he whispered to Bolton as he saw him looking curious at passing them. "Look sharp at the edges of the holes. You'll see, too, some fine dust from the trees in them."

Bolton looked, but his dull eyes noticed nothing.

"Here's a pretty fresh one," said Melville, presently. "Don't you see the edges of the hole are sharper and more ragged, and that the snow kicked out ahead of them looks cleaner and sparkles more than that by the other tracks? The sharp edges of the snow crystals have not yet been rounded off by evaporation."

After a careful inspection, Bolton finally concluded there was a slight difference. "But why don't we follow it?" he whispered, as Melville passed on.

"It's three hours old anyhow, and an old buck at that. It won't pay to follow him, for at this time of year and at this time of day he'll travel too far."

A few moments' walk brought them to a fresh-looking trail of three deer.

"A doe and two fawns. Now for business," whispered Melville. "They're not in sight and won't lie down in this kind of ground," he added, after a careful survey of all the ground within sight. "The woods are here too open, too level and too clear of brush for them to lie down. We'll walk tolerably fast just here, so as to lose no time."

Taking a long, but steady step, Melville moved ahead at the rate of about two miles an hour, keeping his eyes as far ahead as possible. They soon came in sight of a low ridge toward which the tracks led.

"We must leave the trail now and go around," whispered Melville, after a glance at the ridge and at the tops of some tall pines. "This side of the ridge is too brushy for us to move quietly; the wind, too, is coming up, as you can see by the tops of those pines, and it will be felt on that elevation. Besides, if the deer have stopped on the ridge they will probably be watching their back trail."

"I never heard of their doing that except after they had been started."

"Nor I. But it cost me a dozen or more deer to learn it; and six weeks of the best hunting weather I ever saw I almost wasted in pottering along trails instead of circling them. Every thing I had ever heard or read of still hunting misled me into the belief that it was only necessary to sneak along a deer's trail quietly enough and I'd bag him as a matter of course. On the contrary, where deer have been still-hunted very much, they learn to watch their back track, and generally lie down where they can see it. In hunting such deer the trail itself is often the last place you want to be. You must work on parallels and half circles to one side of it."

They now struck off from the trail at a right angle and swinging around about five hundred yards ascended the ridge on the leeward side. While doing so they crossed the tracks of two large does going in another direction. Cautiously, and at the rate of only half a mile an hour, they now ascended the ridge, feeling every step, to be sure it was not on a stick that could snap, taking the utmost care not to touch the brush along their path

with their clothes, pausing every few minutes for a thorough inspection and raising their heads with the utmost caution to peep over the crest of little hills or fallen logs, etc.

Presently they came to three tracks which were a few yards apart, and wound here and there in a strangling manner.

"Been loafing along here and browsing," whispered Melville, pointing to the tracks and to bitten-off twigs of brush along them. "They're getting ready to lie down, and ain't far away; so be dreadful careful. We'll have to back off and circle again and make that highest point yonder," he added after a quick glance at the ground.

Backing carefully out, they left the ridge, swung around in a half circle some four hundred yards wide, and approached the highest part from the leeward side, Melville expecting either to find the deer lying down on the other side of it, or else use it as a tower of inspection of the whole piece. About half way up, I am sorry to relate, Melville unloaded some cursory remarks, and pointed to some jumps ahead of him, which were from ten to twenty feet apart, scattering the snow in all directions, and at the huge trunk of a fallen tree from which the snow on top had been switched off in three different places.

"The jig is up. We've started 'em," said he.

"Why, how—how—could we? We didn't get in sight of 'em," said Bolton, in surprise.

"They've seen, smelt or heard us before we got in sight, and most likely heard us."

"Why, a man couldn't have heard us at twenty yards."

"Well, deer that have been still hunted much are no fools. It makes them much wilder than driving with dogs.* Their ears, too, are very different from a man's. They probably heard the *crunch* of snow under our feet, or else you've trod on and cracked a rotten stick; for I'm sure I didn't. They may have seen us, but from the direction of the wind, I think they could not have smelt us. We'll follow them back and see; for I always make it a point when I lose a deer to find out just exactly how it happened."



MR. LLOYD PRICE.

Going back, they found that the deer when started, had been standing in and around a little piece of brush; and sending Bolton back on the tracks to where they had first come up on the ridge, Melville stood where the deer had started from, and watched him. Before Bolton reached the place he was out of sight.

"They must have heard us come up this ridge," said Melville, as he came up to Bolton, who was still standing in their old tracks to which he had been sent, "for this place can't be seen from that; and the wind is so that they could not have smelt us. So, take as your first lesson, that you must be extremely quiet."

"I knew that before, in the abstract, but had no conception of the extent of its application."

"And no one can have, except by experience, and a good deal of it, too. Well, they've beaten us, and it will pay better to take the trail of those two does than to try to head these, for there's no use in trying to see them in any other way. These others ain't very fresh, but we can't be too particular now."

They soon found the doe's tracks, and they led across a tolerably open flat toward another ridge. Upon this the ground was well tracked up in all directions and in many places there were marks of pawing and scraping in the snow.

"Been digging for acorns; but they're likely quite a ways from here. They seldom lie down in the daytime on these ridges. Last night, too, was nearly full moon, and on such nights they are on foot a great deal and generally go farther back from their feeding grounds to lie down," said Melville.

The trail led over several small acorn ridges and was crossed by a few others, but Melville followed the two right through them all.

"See here," said he presently, pointing to two oval-shaped places in the snow, the bottoms of which were nearly bare, "these are night beds. Do you see how the melted snow in them

*This may be contrary to a prevailing notion, but it is a fact. Deer are but little afraid of slow, noisy dogs, but have a mortal terror of man. Fast dogs may possibly drive them out of the country, but still hunting will make them far shyer.

has frozen again. When they are much hunted they rarely lie down on or near their feeding grounds in the daytime. But at night when they lie down at all, they will lie almost anywhere. I lost a good deal of time when I first commenced hunting deer from not knowing this. We'll have to make another circuit here and work around behind that big ridge yonder. It ain't safe to go across that piece where the trail goes."

The circuit was made, but they found the deer had gone still further.

"Three to one they're in that windfall yonder," said Melville, pointing to a distant piece of ground of several acres covered with fallen trees. "You stand here for ten minutes until I get around to the ridge on the other side of it. Then follow the trail very carefully. If you see them, shoot at them anyhow, if they come in my direction, but don't follow them."

Melville then made a rapid circuit for the ridge just beyond the windfall, while Bolton followed the tracks toward it. Reaching its edge, he rose cautiously up on a log to look. Instantly there was a crash of brush, and looking in its direction he saw one of the most beautiful sights in all the range of hunting: deer running across a big windfall. About sixty yards ahead were not two, but four deer, the two does and two full-grown fawns, not running, but apparently playing a vaulting match over the huge fallen trunks that lay all in one direction and only a few yards apart. These huge hurdles they skipped with easy grace, flitting high their snowy tails in air as they went over, disappearing only to rise again in a twinkling over the next log as if they had only glanced from the ground like ricochet balls.

For a moment Bolton was swamped in bottomless admiration, but suddenly thinking of his rifle, raised it and fired. But what wonder that he missed a shot that puzzles the most skillful of hands and the oldest of heads? The ball cut the snow from a log in line with the top of the curve described in air by the jump of the largest deer just as the mark disappeared behind a huge trunk. Well done, Bolton, to even hit the place where it was!

Melville had not yet reached the middle of the ridge when Bolton fired. He saw the deer come out of the windfall and head for the other end of the hill, and started on his swiftest run to get ahead of them. They seemed to be only gambolling over the ground; but he well knew the deceptive speed of their graceful dance, and straining all his energies he got within sight of the end of the ridge, breathless and trembling, just in time to see four snowy flags wave adieu as they disappeared over it.

Only he who has been in such a situation can understand Melville's feelings. No pen can describe them. But what a towering Phoenix ever springs from the ashes of the sportsman's hopes! What lofty determination is born of that bitter disappointment which in most other pursuits would breed only despair.

Melville felt sure they had not seen, heard or smelt him, and knew that they would stop within about a quarter of a mile. This alone would not ordinarily justify the attempt he now purposed, to head them; but a quick glance at the distant ground showed him that it was so well adapted for that kind of strategy that it was worth trying.

Taking a swift stride, he made a circuit of about a third of a mile, and slipping behind a ridge higher than any others, sneaked cautiously to its crest and looked back toward where the deer had gone. He had made his calculation correctly. The deer had stopped on the next brushy ridge beyond the one where he had lost them; and had spent some ten minutes there in looking back, watching and listening. In a few moments he saw them come off the brushy ridge directly toward him, now walking, now trotting a few steps, now stopping to look back, now nibbling a twig or bud as if conscious they were not pursued, then turning their heads quickly around again to watch and listen on their back track.

And now a trouble arose, throwing Melville into one of those quandaries, rarely confessed in books, but which often puzzle the best of still hunters. All his calculations had been correct and he had reached the only place to which a deer's attention is almost never turned—*ahead* of him. But in so doing he had got directly in a cross-current of wind; and this he now noticed for the first time. Had the deer been still running this would probably have made little difference. But they were now loafing along and stopping half the time; a few minutes would bring them right into his wind; and they were just too far to risk a long shot through timber, an operation always liable to fail from unseen twigs, etc., as well as the difficulty of estimating the distance.

It was clear something must be done at once, and he resolved upon a bold cast of his only die. Stooping low to the ground, he worked himself quickly down the slope of the ridge directly toward, and in sight of the deer; a thing always very hazardous and almost always impossible. But he saw it was his only chance to get to leeward of them, as a sidewise motion would be far more liable to be seen, and it was too late to back off and go around the ridge. Taking advantage of their turning around to look back for Bolton, he reached the lower ground without being discovered. He there stopped a moment and, being out of their sight, raised his head cautiously up to see what they were at. As he did so he saw them start and come toward him, no longer on a walk or gentle trot, but with high and sweeping bound, smashing through snow-covered brush like a circus actor through paper-covered hoops. Suddenly they tacked on a course that would carry them a hundred yards away from him. He knew that Bolton had disobeyed his orders and was on their track, that they would not stop again for half a mile, and that his only chance for a good shot lay in shortening the distance between him and the place where they would pass him. Starting again on a run, a little rise in the intervening ground kept him out of sight, though at the speed they were coming they probably would not have noticed him until quite near. After clearing about fifty yards of ground he saw them again just about to pass him with a long swinging gallop that carried them a yard high in the air at every jump. His nerves trembled in spite of experience, for it was two years since he had seen animated venison in its native home. Knowing it was now useless to try to

halt them by bleating, he raised his rifle and fired both barrels in quick succession. With swifter bound and flaunting tail they vanished in another moment.

He followed their tracks for some three hundred yards in the faint hope of finding blood; but in vain. In that wild moment when judgment was drowned in the whirling rush of life's flood tide, he did what many an older hunter has often done; forgot that he had a rifle, and not a shot gun, in his hands, which, instead of covering a space of nearly three feet, covered less than half an inch.

An ordinary person would have sworn. It might be safe to say that even an extraordinary person might have done so. But Melville's feelings were far past the swearing point, and the only thing he felt inclined to swear at was the present weak state of the English language in the line of "cusa words."

"And this you call sport?" asks the unsophisticated reader. "I want none of it in mine."

You poor innocent, such moments are oases on the desert of commonplace life. The leaden heart might feel only disgust; the thoughts of the meat hunter would naturally turn with consolation to the greater ease and certainty of hunting with a green-back in the game-stall of the market; the dandelion catbird rafter would probably be cured of deer hunting forever; but, in the soul whose strings have been truly tuned, the rough hand of such disappointment will play only divine music, a minor strain indeed, but still sweet and bursting quickly into the triumphant strains of loftier determination and more enthusiastic perseverance. Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, such a scene, ending even in disappointment, is a far more glorious pleasure than some kinds of success. The man who has never yet killed a deer and is dying to do it; the settler who is out of meat and must have it; or the man who can snatch only a few days from business and those only in Summer; the man who has never hunted deer before and never expects to have another chance; all these may well be justified in shooting from a scaffold, watching a deer lick, fire hunting with a guide who does everything but pull the trigger, or running a deer with dogs into a lake, and having a guide row him up close enough to butcher it with a stylish hunting knife. But to him who has long threaded the pathless woods with no guide but the compass, and no companion but the rifle, there is more true satisfaction in seeing hours of care and toil rewarded only with a farewell wave of the white handkerchief over a fallen log or crest of a ridge, knowing that the failure is only his fault, and feeling that the next time he will be equal to the emergency, than there is in contemplating a pile of meat bagged with about the same amount of skill that would be required to knock over a calf in a barnyard.

So it was with Melville. His disappointment was only vexation at his own blundering shot, and with the determination to do better next time his enthusiasm and ardor only rose higher. It was the same with Bolton. On the deer drive with Newton & Co. he had been more excited and his hands had trembled like aspens; but he had not forgotten to shoot, and so high had been his excitement that he had not felt the tremendous recoil of the over-loaded piece. Now he was indeed less excited; but the deep, still forest, the sight of the deer leaping through the wind-fall, the many tracks here and there, the consciousness that deer were all about him and that only his want of skill prevented his getting a shot, the care and strategy required to even get sight of one, and the constant expectation of doing so, awakened in him an entirely new set of feelings; feelings which he only can know who is a born hunter, and which even then he will never feel until he matches himself single handed and unaided by dog, fire, or other assistant, against large, wary and cunning game, in its own wild home.

"There's little use of going farther," said Melville as Bolton came up; "but I crossed the fresh track of a big buck on my way here, and as it's about mid-day he probably did not go far, so we'll try him a turn."

"A buck is easy to kill at this time of year, ain't he? I've seen it stated that any blockhead can knock one over now."

"That's very true in one sense, but entirely wrong in the sense in which it is most apt to be understood. I'm considerable of a blockhead, but I never could kill one any more easily in running time than at any other time, because I never laid around on runways watching for them, but always hunt as we are now doing. The simple fact is this, a deer when in motion is comparatively blind to everything ahead of him, especially anything not moving; and a buck at this time of year is not only pretty blind, but reckless, when actually in motion. Consequently the hunter, who, by accident or waiting on a runway, happens to be in his path, will have an easy job. But when the buck has stopped moving and is at rest, he is just about as hard to stalk now as at any time of year. So that we'll have to use all our caution with this chap."

They soon reached the track which was evidently quite fresh. But it soon turned and went down wind. Here was a quandary which made Melville stop and ponder.

"There's an old pine slashing off to the right," said he, "and its likely he's turned off into that, for they like such places to lie down in. But it won't be safe to follow him down wind trusting to his turning off; for do you see way ahead there how the ground gets brushy again? He may have stopped in there. So we'll have to circle this track now." Turning far to the left they swung around in a long detour to the leeward side of the brushy piece Melville spoke of, without meeting the buck's track.

"He's either in there or has turned off, as I said, into the slashing," whispered Melville. "Do you see that ridge there on that side? I'll work around to that and see if he's in this brush. I didn't come down that way, because we were too apt to meet a cross current of air from the open slashing that would carry our scent right to him. But I can reach it safely from this side. You stand right here as still as a mouse and if you don't hear or see me in fifteen minutes, follow my track quietly."

Melville backed out a little and swung around to the back side of the ridge, which was about thirty feet high and about eighty yards from the brushy ground. Ascending cautiously to the crest, he raised his head slowly inch by inch just above it, inspecting with great care every portion of the brush as it came into view, and not raising his head an inch higher until he was sure the deer was not yet in sight. Presently a sudden electric thrill shot through him as his keen eye caught, in the thickest brush, that dim, vague patch of dark grey, which the untrained eye at first not notices, and even after considerable practice cannot distinguish from the surroundings, one of the most difficult things in the world to see, a deer standing still in brush.

Hastily raising the rifle, he took, not one of those quick, intentional sights so pretty to read about, but which the good hunter never trusts unless he is compelled to, but the cool, careful aim he would have used in an off-hand target match.

A crash and smash of brush followed the report, and away the deer bounded directly toward Bolton. As he passed an opening in the brush Melville dropped the rifle in ahead of him and just as he reached the highest point of his bound fired about three or four feet ahead of him, and about a foot and a half below the highest point of the curve made by the deer's jump, the place where the deer's body would be when he struck ground. But still the buck went on.

"Sold again!" do you say? Think so if you choose, and go home and abandon forever such misnamed sport. "What's the use of hunting if you can't show something for it? Give me the

shot gun in a pigeon roost where I can get something." True enough, my friend; you'd better do it, for you'll never make a deer hunter if you feel so.

"Sold again!" thought Bolton, as the buck burst with a smash through the brush almost in front of him. "Sold again," he thought, if indeed he thought anything, as he involuntarily dodged aside and sent two bullets about twenty feet above and behind the swiftly flying game.

But Melville did not think so. He knew his rifle was a true one, and knew just where he had held it. He went down to the place where the deer had been standing and there found on the side opposite, and several feet away, some scattered hairs, and one small bunch of twenty or more. These he inspected with great care. He then went to the place where the deer had struck ground at the second shot, and here he found some more hairs of slightly different color and length.

"He's hit," said he to Bolton, as he came up to him. "Here, that's too thin, now. You got the ague and missed him."

"Could you see how he carried his tail? I couldn't on account of the brush."

"He carried it off with him mighty lively, where you won't see it again to-day, I'll bet."

"I've hit him twice. I saw the hair."

"So did I. It went through here faster than the winged courier of the Apocalypse, and is all safe."

"That's nothing. I'm going to follow his track."

They followed it about two hundred yards, but there was no blood and the jumps were still strong and vigorous.

"These cursed small-bored rifles—" said Melville.

He was interrupted by a long guffaw from Bolton, who leaned up against a tree to laugh.

"If that don't beat my empty cartridges all hollow," said he when he got through.

"Just reserve your laugh a few minutes. That deer is hit, but the bullet is too small to bleed him fast."

"You might have tickled his tail a little by the way he ran; but I'll bet that's all."

"Aha! look there!" said Melville, about a hundred yards further on, pointing to a bright red spot on the snow, a few yards ahead.

"Through the lungs," said Melville, as the spots got more numerous. "With a decent sized ball he'd have been down before this."

A few jumps more and the gallop had settled to a trot. In a few yards this began to waver; blood spots became larger and more plenty: there was a bloody wipe on a log over which he had evidently gone with difficulty; the steps began to stagger, and in a moment they were upon him as he lay just over a log he had had just strength enough to cross.

"A royal stag," said Melville, as he stretched him out. "You see I hit him both times," he added, pointing to two small holes in his side, one cutting the upper back part of one lung and the other a foot farther back."

"It may be asked: 'Why narrate such a painful death of such a noble animal?' My answer is, that from the American mania for small-bored rifles two-thirds of the deer killed run from one hundred to four hundred yards, and often much further, before dying, and fully one-third of those shot at and hit escape entirely unless the hunter is a good and persevering one. But think of the compensation for this cruel and wicked waste in the difference of a pound or two less of meat torn away by the smaller bullet! Is not this a noble and sufficient reason for the persistent use, on bare ground, too, and in thick brush, of the calibre so dear to most American hearts?"

The Horse.

Meeting of the Board of Review.

The Board of Review of the National Trotting Association convened at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City, on Dec. 2, and continued their session two days, Edwin Thorne, first vice-president, in the chair. A number of cases were heard, the following being the most important:

951. John H. Phillips, Philadelphia, Pa., vs. Chester County Agricultural Society, Westchester, Pa.—Phillips in this case asks the Board to relieve him from a suspension imposed for non-payment of entrance money, and also to relieve the bay stallion Oddfellow and gray gelding Don Cameron, also suspended at the same time. The claim is made by Phillips that the entries of the horses named were conditional, whereas the association say they were positive. Affidavits were presented on both sides and the case referred to executive session for final disposal. Incident to Phillips' examination, was developed what this driver and track proprietor thinks of "conditional" entries, which are prohibited under the rules of the National Association: "I make my entries," said Phillips, in substance, "for the best interest of my employers and myself. It is a question of finance; is it my interest to make conditional entries if I can. The Board can control associate courses in this respect, but it cannot control citizens and prevent them from making such entries."

Phillips was also called upon to answer an alleged violation of the rules regarding improper work with the bay gelding Jersey Boy. "It is a case of blackmail," said Phillips, "and the Butler (Pa.) Park people know it." A match race made for Jersey Boy at last gave way to an exhibition for gate money, but Phillips never received anything from the association. "You never get any money from the oil regions," facetiously added the witness, "when you once leave it there. I was lucky to get back home safe." Referred to executive session.

940. R. J. Morrison, Christiansburg, Del., vs. Galen Driving Park, Clyde, N. Y.—Mr. Morrison seeks to be relieved of a suspension imposed upon him and his chestnut mare May for non-payment of entrance money. He claims that the entry was conditional and his mare allowed to start without paying. Had he won anything, the entrance money would have been handed the society. The officers of the latter say the entry was not conditional, and ask for the payment of the entrance. Executive session.

953. John Croker, Cleveland, Ohio, vs. Bradford Driving Park Association, Bradford, Pa.—Croker and his gray gelding Gray Salem were suspended for non-payment of entrance money. He claims conditional entries as the reason why he did not pay the \$25 demanded. L. B. Goodrich, secretary of the Bradford Association, was present and said that Croker's were entries in the usual form and so considered. The day that the race at his park, in which Gray Salem was entered, took place the horse was trotting in Chicago, and all the stories about Croker's inability to get to Bradford were of no account. "When I saw that Gray Salem had trotted a tough race in Chicago the same day," said Goodrich, "it kind a swelled my head and I made up my mind to show Croker up with the rest." Goodrich also explained that Croker had threatened all manner of disaster to him if the case was not settled, one of his threats being that he would "paralyze" him. Executive session.

The "Edwin Forrest case" was revived during the session by the examination of C. S. Green and Dan Mace upon certain allegations growing out of the slitting by the Board of that great turf scandal. Some one insinuated that Mr. Green received \$300 as his share of certain transactions with the event. To this insinuation Mr. Green had nothing further to offer, though he stigmatized the charge as false in every respect. Green only saw the race, he says, from the stand at the track. Counsellor Whitehead appeared for Dan Mace, the inquiry being whether the latter had been one of a party to contribute a certain sum for the purpose of "working the pool box." The counsel protested on behalf of his client against the power of the Board to investigate the matter. There was no conflict or question of fact between owners, drivers or the association, and, therefore, the Board had no authority to proceed under their rules, and in the face of previous decisions where the cases hung upon questions of fact. Still the privilege to drive upon the tracks of the members of the National Association was a valuable one, and while they did not waive their protest, his client had no objection to being sworn. Mace was thereupon called to the stand. Much of his testimony has already been published; but, in substance, he said that he knew nothing of the alleged fraud in the contest, and that he had not been one of a party to make up a large sum to buy the field against Forrest under the assumption that the horse was going to be "pulled." Mace explained in a straightforward manner how he invested his money the day of the race, and the last pools that he bought were on Forrest, for the reason that he thought the horse could win. Mace's explanation of how "fences" are often made by drivers across a track to prevent a favorite from winning was quite amusing.

985. Charles E. Smith, Dover, N. H., vs. Farmington Trotting Park, Farmington, N. H., and C. E. Mosher, Lawrence, Mass.—The plaintiff in this case charges Mosher with using the suppression of time in a race. Mosher was driving the black stallion Onawa at the above track, and Smith says that he trotted one of the heats on the second day in 2:31, whereas 2:35 was hung out. Mosher denies the allegation, and claims that the charge is made for the purpose of revenge. Smith was a judge the first day, and swears that he timed Onawa in 2:31. Several affidavits were submitted by the parties interested, and the case is held over for further investigation. The practice of hanging out false time, it is claimed by Secretary Vall, exists to an alarming extent in some parts of New England, and such measures should be adopted as will tend to its abandonment.

976. Robert C. Pate, St. Louis, Mo., vs. Boston Driving and Athletic Association, Boston, Mass.—This is an application for an order concerning a claim for the entrance fee of the chestnut mare Mattie Hunter. It appears that in Cleveland, in August last, an arrangement was made that the pacers Sleepy Tom, Rowdy Boy, Lucy and Mattie Hunter were to appear at the Boston Park and trot for a special purse. A contract was entered into that this purse should be \$4,000, but there was the secret understanding that it should be for \$3,000 net and no entrance money required. The four were to start or the contract be regarded as void. Mattie could not be on hand, and the final upshot of the affair was that the race fell through and the owners were suspended for non-payment of entrance, \$25 each. The money was temporarily deposited with the treasurer. The case will be decided in executive session.

966. Alden Goldsmith, Washingtonville, N. Y., (ex parte).—Application for the removal of the penalty of expulsion of the bay gelding Alley. This case has become quite famous in the trotting world. The bay gelding Alley won the 222 class at Beacon Park, Boston, in September last. After the race Alley and his driver, J. H. Goldsmith, were expelled, on the ground that the horse was "pulled" in one of the heats. Mr. Alden Goldsmith appeared before the Board and made a lengthy statement, detailing the characteristics of the horse Alley, and of his (Goldsmith's) opinion regarding the expulsion. Mr. Goldsmith had no pools on the race, and presented many affidavits showing that he always started his horse to win, as was the case in the race under examination. The sentence of expulsion was a great wrong, and he looked for justice at the hands of the Board. Frank L. Herdick, a professional pool seller, was one of the witnesses, and he held that "if Mr. Goldsmith was considered a pool buyer all the pool sellers would starve to death. As a pool buyer Mr. Goldsmith was not a success." Affidavits of professional drivers who had handled Mr. Goldsmith's trotters were also submitted by the latter in his behalf, and the case went over for decision in executive session.

During the evening session of the Board testimony was taken in several minor cases, which will be fully reviewed by the members before final adjournment.

During the open session Edward Pyle, one of the unfortunates in the "Edwin Forrest Utica fraud," came before the Board asking that the penalty of expulsion imposed upon him be modified or removed. Pyle said that his crime was no more aggravated than that proven against the six others in the same race. He felt that justice required that he should be treated the same as the others. The idea of sending him to the wall and releasing the others was not fair and should not have been determined upon by the Board. If he had done more than the others his punishment would be merited, but he wasn't the instigator of the fraud. No man could say that. If all concerned were expelled for life he would not complain; but where the others were equally guilty they should receive the same punishment. He could not sit tamely on the back shelf while the others were enjoying their freedom. Public opinion, Pyle thought, made the Board take up the Forrest case, yet other races just as dishonest had been manipulated this season that he had failed to reach official eyes. "Let no guilty man escape" was his motto, and should be that of the Board. None of the other implicated parties in the Forrest case were more innocent than he, but they had not been so severely handled. Some of them had even conspired the job down the line as far as Hartford, yet had escaped. Pyle could name some drivers who were always ready and willing to combine together for a fraudulent purpose and were always first at the stall looking for their division of the spoils. Referred to executive session.

James H. Goldsmith, the driver of Alley in the Beacon Park September 22 race, asked leave to withdraw his case for the present without prejudice. The Board allowed him to do so. Goldsmith was expelled by the Beacon Park on the ground that he did not drive Alley to win.

DECISIONS.

The following are some of the decisions rendered: 867. J. H. Phillips, Philadelphia, Pa., vs. Brooklyn Driving Park.—The Board ordered that Messrs. Williams and Son, the late managers of the park, be suspended until the entrance money wrongfully obtained from Phillips be returned.

882. A. Dolan, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—The application for the removal of Dolan's suspension is granted; but the horses Charles Hayden and Iona are still liable under a previous order.

884. Joseph Parker, Allegheny, Pa., vs. Oak Grove Association, Warren, Ohio.—Parker's suspension is removed.

The application of Alden Goldsmith, of Washingtonville, N. Y., for the removal of the penalty of expulsion imposed upon his bay gelding Alley at Beacon Park, Boston, last September, is granted and the horse restored. The Board held that the judges of the race should have been governed by rule 28, and where they failed to establish any implication of the owner in the alleged "pulling," the horse should not have been punished and they had no right to order his expulsion.

The Board made a final ruling in the Edwin Forrest case. As to the charges affecting Charles S. Green, it was held that there was such a want of corroboration for or against him, it was ordered that this branch of the case be dismissed. As to the accusations affecting Dan Mace, it was also ordered that that portion of the matter be dismissed. In relation to the other parties placed under penalty for being implicated in the great turf fraud, the Board adheres to its previous action, and the case is dismissed from the docket and will not be again considered. The effect of this decision is to relieve Higbee, Glidden and Biggs, and set them free, which, with the Board's previous ruling, all those guilty of perpetrating the greatest turf fraud of the age are now relieved from penalty except Edward Pyle. He still stands expelled.

757. George Nelson, Jamaica, L. I.—Application for removal of expulsion.—Temporary reinstatement ordered until the next meeting of the Board.

782. W. B. Wright, Bridport, Vt.—Application for removal of penalty of expulsion.—Temporary reinstatement ordered until the next meeting of the Board.

893. S. W. Jones, Brattleboro, Vt.—Application for reinstatement granted.

930. Ed. Corrigan, Kansas City, Mo., vs. Detroit Horse Fair Association.—Application for removal of suspension.—The Board refused to grant the application.

964. F. N. Fancher, Tyre, N. Y.—Application for removal of expulsion granted by the Board.

965. J. mes W. Page, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Board ordered the temporary reinstatement be continued until the next meeting.

906. William McGuigan, Detroit, Mich.—The punishment imposed by the Board upon this driver, it is officially stated, was not because he managed and drove the horse Small Hope, now owned by Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, in a peculiar manner throughout certain sections of the country, but because of other alleged wrong-doings. The Board ordered McGuigan temporarily relieved of all responsibility until the next meeting of the Board.

920. John Wood, Ilion, N. Y.—This driver's temporary relief of expulsion, granted at a previous meeting, is continued to the next meeting of the Board.

932. M. W. Olcott, New York.—Suspension removed.

936. George W. Brown, Chicago, Ill.—Temporary reinstatement from expulsion ordered continued until the next meeting of the Board.

938. William S. McLaughlin, Romeo, Mich.—Application for removal of penalty of expulsion rejected by the Board.

940. R. J. Morrison, Christiansburg, Del., vs. Galen Driving Park, Clyde, N. Y.—Penalty of suspension removed as applied for.

Nashville Notes.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—There are quite a number of horses, at the track, benefiting by our mild climate, before beginning work for the coming Spring contests. At least three days in the week, even during our winter, he sees can be exercised, and the Spring being at least six weeks in advance of that in the North, they can be gotten that much earlier in condition. There are also a number of trotting horses wintering at the track and the Fair Grounds. Blackwood, Jr., in splendid form, served a large number of mares last Spring, and his progeny continue great favorites with our people. Mr. J. Zell sold his dam Belle Sheridan, and a suckling colt by Old Blackwood, were sold to a party in Indiana last week; also two fillies by Blackwood, Jr., found a purchaser in Mr. Gordon, of this city. Ravenswood, a three-year old, by Blackwood, Jr., is a beautiful animal, and the indications are that he will prove very speedy.

General Harding's trio of stallions are as fine as silk. His colts and fillies, which will be offered at his annual sale, are being handled already, and some of them are superb types of the thoroughbred. Of course none of the get of Great Tom, or Enquirer, will be of the number, as they arrived in the stud too late for breeding this year. Miss Emily, daughter of the late Colonel Baile Peyton, one of Tennessee's most distinguished turfmen, has some of her father's well-known stock, at his homestead, near Gallatin, Sumner county. Among them is Romping Girl, a full sister to the famous Muggins, and her two colts—by

Glengary; one is a weanling and a beauty. She also has a Bonnie Scotland colt, and one or two others, by Chickabumby and Rousseau. It is a pity that some of our crack turfmen, did not have this stock, and put it to its proper use. Nothing can be more delightful than to converse with the lady on horse subjects, as she inherits from her father a great deal of genuine sportsman's fire, and long and intimate association with him, and his many sporting companions has admirably adapted her for a good talker. Like a great many of the once wealthy class in the South, she has met with pecuniary reverses, and has now to utilize the accomplishments she acquired in days of prosperity, so she has opened a school for young ladies at her old home.

CLIMAX.

DEATH OF UNCLE VIC AND HIAWATHA.—The Kentucky Live Stock Record notices in its last issue the deaths of the thoroughbred sires Uncle Vic and Hiawatha. The former was the property of the Messrs. R. & J. Rowett. The Meadows stock farm, Carlisle, Ill., on Sept. 22. He was a brown stallion, foaled in 1857, and bred by W. Lewis, Great Crossing, Ky., by Lexington, 1st dam Undine by Imp. Yorkshire; 2d dam Lady Margrave by Imp. Margrave; 3d dam Lady Adams by Whipster; 4th dam Woodpecker by Imp. Buzzard; 5th dam The Fawn by Craig's Alfred; 6th dam Shepherdess by Wormsley's King Herod, etc.

Uncle Vic did not start at two years old. At three years old started three times. At Lexington, Ky., for the Produce Stakes of mares that never produced a winner, \$100 each, \$50 forfeit, \$25 declaration, \$100 added (thirty-four subscribers); mile heats, eight started, and was won by Mollie Jackson, 5, 3, 1; Charlotte Buford, 1, 8, 3; 2: Uncle Vic, 3, 1, 5; draw; Genuera, 8, 4, 2, r. o.; Ella D., 2, 7, 4, r. o.; Verge, 4, 6, 8, r. o.; Colton, 6, 2, 7, r. o.; ch. c. by Imp. Glenoe, dam Didie, 7, 6, 5, dis. Time, 1:48½, 1:50¾, 1:53. Same meeting for Produce Stakes, \$100 each, \$50 forfeit, \$25 declaration (thirty-five subscribers); two mile heats; Sherrod, 2, 1, 1; Mollie Jackson, 1, 2, 2; Jack the Barber, 7, 3, 3; Uncle Vic, 5, 4, dis.; Ivy, 6, 5, dis.; Genuera, 8, 6, dis.; ch. c. by Lexington, dam Mary Lewis, 3 dis.; Duke of Elkhorn, 4, dis. Time, 3:45¾, 3:40¾, 3:38¾.

At four years old started three times and won once. At Louisville, Ky., for purse \$500, two-mile heats; Colton, 1, 1; Uncle Vic, 2, 2; Sherrod, 7, 3; The Rebel, 3, 4; Jack the Barber, 6, 5; Joe Stoner, 4, 6; Pope Swigert, 5, 5; Starlight, dis. Time, 3:42¾, 3:41¾. At Lexington, Ky., for purse \$350, two-mile heats, The Rebel, 1, 1; Uncle Vic, 2, 2; Solferino, 3, 3; Starlight, 4, 4; Fanny Davis, 5, 5. Time, 4:05, 3:58¾. Track muddy. Same place, for a purse \$350, three mile heats, Uncle Vic, 5, 1, 1; Solferino, 1, 3, 2; Joe Stoner, 4, 6, 3; Jack the Barber, 6, 4, 4; The Rebel, 2, 5, 5; Colton, 3, 2, dr. Time, 5:49½, 5:34¾, 5:37¼. This was the best of a last race run by Uncle Vic.

The following are among the best of his yet—Corsican, Victory La Glana, Lizzie Vic, dam of Kate Claxton and Headlight; Minnie, Sanford, Victor, Pompey's Pillar, Victorine, Sangaree, Uncle Tom, Victor D. Prairie Fire, Ed. Rowett, Harry Edwards, Bonnie Vic, Governor Palmer, Minnie Lewis, and many others.

Gen. Rowett, in writing, says, "that Uncle Vic has been failing for the last year, and died apparently of old age, although he was not quite twenty-three years old. But nothing that we could give would keep flesh on him, and for two months before he died he would eat nothing but apples. We turned him into the orchard where he could get all the apples he wanted, as we wished to make his last days as comfortable as possible. He served but once more this past season, Puss Cheatman. We had two filly foals by him this Spring, one out of Mammona by Imp. Sovereign, the other out of Prairie Bird by Imp. Sovereign, and are remarkable fine fillies. Hon. J. C. Gould, Gallatin, Tenn., recently lost the brown stallion Hiawatha, foaled in 1855, by Imp. Albion, 1st dam by Wagner; 2d dam Sister to Birmingham, by Stockholder; 3d dam Black Sophia by Tom Gallatin; 4th dam by Lamplighter; 5th dam by Beeder (by Old Union); 6th dam by Bowie (by Imp. Janus).

Hiawatha started in a mile-heat race for two-year olds, at Gallatin, Tenn., and ran second in both heats to Florence Gould, in 1:57, 1:52¾; Muggle Bell 3, 3. At three years old he started twice. At Gallatin won a sweepstake for three-year olds, two mile heats, in 3:55, 3:50, 4:09. Eli Odom's gelding by Albion, dam by Sovereign, won the first heat, and was second both the others. S. Barne's filly by Albion, dam by Sir Richard, was second and distanced. At the fall meeting, same place he won a sweepstake for three-year olds, three-mile heats, beating Pot-8-on 2, 3. Mary Wyllie distanced. Time—6:03, 6:07¼. Pot-8-on's bridle-bit broke in the second mile, when some distance in the lead. At four years old he won a match at Gallatin, Tenn., for \$6,000, \$1,300 forfeit, four-mile heats, beating Mary Wyllie in 7:57, 7:56. This ended his racing career.

Hiawatha was badly located for mares, and was much neglected. The following are among the best of his yet; Patricia, Flash, Paralee, Whipsaw, Nita Turner, Highwayman, John McCormick, Copper, Richellee, Pat Cleburne, and Bill Forrest.

A SURVEY OF TROTTING STUD BOOKS.—They who are directly interested in the trotting horse interest surely need have no cause now for complaint of a lack of stud lore and books of pedigrees. All are familiar with "Wallace's Trotting Register," and last week we published the prospectus of "The Breeders' Trotting Stud Book," the scope of the entries thereto being somewhat circumscribed, inasmuch as the actual trotting of a mile in two minutes and thirty seconds, either by the horse to be entered or by some of his progenitors or offspring, is to be accepted as the basis of registration. But another Richmond enters the field, and a formidable one, to say the least. The *Turf, Field and Farm* announces that, with the new year they shall commence the publication of the "American Trotting Stud Book," in serial form, and so, for five dollars, every man who takes an interest in the trotting horse can obtain the information which has cost over twenty thousand dollars. This strategic movement will have a tendency to knock the underpinning out from the higher priced periodicals. The *Turf, Field and Farm* has, at the cost of much time, labor and money, collected, proved and arranged in alphabetical order, over ten thousand pedigrees, making reference an easy matter. It is claimed that every breeding farm in the country is represented, the information, therefore, is almost beyond estimate.

JOHN SPAN'S HEADQUARTERS.—The noted driver and trainer of trotting horses, John Span, on Dec. 6, appeared in the role of landlord and manager of a turf exchange. The premises, 79 Dearborn St., where he has established himself, were once occupied by Col. Geo. B. Mansur, of Dexter Park fame, and more recently by Mr. Wm. Boyle. The occasion brought together a number of turfmen and friends of the trotting interest, all of whom will wish Mr. Span and his new venture that full measure of success which his indefatigable industry deserves. A marked feature of the establishment will be an open register in which may be entered trotters, roadsters and coach horses, which parties may desire to dispose of. This will be accessible to all, and will be found a practicable method of bringing buyer and seller together.

KANSAS CITY INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.—Kansas City, Mo.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Kansas City Industrial Exposition and Agricultural Fair Association, November 29, the undersigned was elected secretary, vice Mr. D. L. Hall, resigned. Also, the date for next annual meeting was fixed, definitely, for September 20 to 25, 1880.

JNO. Y. LEVERIDGE.

Secretary.

NUTWOOD LOWERS HIS RECORD.—At Agricultural Park, Stockton, Cal., on Nov. 27, Nutwood essayed to beat his record of 2:19, and succeeded on the second trial, coming under the wire in 2:18¾.

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNEL.

N. W. P., Lyons, N. Y.—I have a fine Gordon setter, will be two years old in May, 1880. Last June I put him in a man's hands to train; at that time the dog was healthy and strong never having had the distemper; sometime in August he came down with it. I don't know the treatment he gave him, but think some Homoeopathic remedies; he returned dog to me in November very weak across the back and hind parts. I keep him in a nice warm barn, good, clean straw; but he constantly grows worse. Is there anything I can do for him, or is this case a hopeless one? Ans.—It is partial paralysis from effusion on the spinal cord following distemper. Have some pills made as follows: Take of powdered nux vomica twenty grains, iodide of potash and powdered gentian root each three drachms, syrup sufficient, mix and divide into twenty pills. Give one night and morning after eating, being careful not to omit one. After giving the pills for three days begin to increase the dose by dividing and adding one pill to another so as to increase the dose of nux vomica half a grain every three days till the dose amounts to four grains, then continue a that quantity till you notice effects—rigidity of the muscles, stiffness of the legs, etc.—then stop. When having a fresh lot of pills made from time to time do not increase the potash nor gentian, only the nux vomica. Feed on easily digested food. If he shows no improvement after a week, clip off the hair over the loins and blister with a solution of silver nitrate, apply it with a brush every four or five hours till well blistered, then grease with fresh lard.

ELKEY, FORT DODGE, IOWA.—How long is it best to let pups stay with the bitch; or would it be better to let her wean them herself? Ans.—The temper and temperament of the bitch are to be considered regarding the time at which puppies should be weaned. Some bitches—usually the best mothers—wean them themselves, and, where the

bitch is healthy and strong we believe it the wisest plan. We place but little confidence in the theory of the milk of a head by dam inducing worms, even after six weeks old. If the bitch is not healthy and shows the effects of suckling, so soon as the puppies can lap well—which is at four weeks—they should be weaned, as under such circumstances the milk of the dam is not only not likely to be of much good, but on the contrary injurious. Some bitches have the habit, between the fifth and sixth weeks, of vomiting up their food for their puppies to eat, so as to relieve them from their maternal duties; in such cases the intercourse between mother and puppies should be immediately put a stop to. Puppies will begin to lap at three weeks old, and at four weeks lap sufficiently well to be weaned. Camphorated oil, rubbed on the teats three or four times a day, and the teats relieved by hand twice a day, is sufficient only to relieve the milk from hardening, will soon dry a bitch up. A cathartic may be necessary to relieve any symptoms of fever. The food should be solid, and of that character as least likely to produce milk.

C. H. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—I have a valuable setter pup that has a disease of the ear; it is very much inflamed half way down to the end with small pimples like pin heads, and an awful discharge with brown wax. I have washed it with castile soap and warm water, but does no good. I always wash my dogs once a week, bed them clean and warm, and feed on mush, vegetables and meat. This ear trouble has been running for about four weeks and I would like to cure it. Ans.—It is cancer that the pup has, and comes from over feeding and insufficient exercise. Give him a purgative of jalap half a drachm, calomel a grain and a half, syrup sufficient, mix into a pill. Wash the ear with soap and water, then rub it with a strong solution—all that water will dissolve—of salaratus, then turn in a little clear alcohol and mold the ear with the fingers; leave it in about a minute, then put on a hood to prevent his shaking and irritating it. Repeat this application to the ear morning and night. Feed lightly for some time and give no meat at all for a while, and give more exercise. Two days after taking the pill make a solution of cream of tartar—a tablespoonful to a pint of water—and give a teaspoonful morning and night for two weeks.

AMATEUR, Mobile, Ala.—I have a setter pup, nine months old. He had an eruption on his belly only about a month ago, which I took for the mange and treated accordingly, and apparently healed. It has again made its appearance. It is only on his belly and is a small, hard, red lump. A few days after its first appearance a small, yellowish, mattery head forms and then bursts and spreads. I think it must be bad blood; Will you please prescribe? At one time this Fall I thought he had distemper, and smoked him with tar and feathers, and cured it. I notice in the last two or three days his cough has returned. His nose does not run and his appetite is good, and he is otherwise in good health. Has he distemper, and what must I do for him? Ans.—Wash the eruptions with soap and water, when nearly dry apply a saturated solution of boracic acid morning and night. Give a dose of castor oil—a tablespoonful—and follow it with a mixture of elixer Cal. Fer. Bis. and syrup of buckthorn one ounce and a half each; give a teaspoonful morning and night for a week or ten days.

H. W. W., Lowell, Mass.—(1.) My young dog has a kind of sniffing in his breathing, sometimes a sneeze, blows somewhat in his breathing when running about. Appetite good, and dog is lively and seems well in other respects. Do you think it is distemper coming on or common cold? Please advise me what to do, through your answers to correspondents. I might add that the dog's eyes matter a little some nights. (2.) Are pin worms injurious to dogs, and what is a remedy for them? Ans.—(1.) It is probably nothing more than a common cold. Give him a teaspoonful of the elixer of tolu with one drop of the tincture of acorn root added, three or four times a day. Feed lightly for a few days. If more fever should appear, and eyes and nose matter more, increase the frequency of the dose to every two or three hours till better. (2.) Yes, often. Give areca nut in doses from half a drachm to one drachm, once a day, the dog fasting, for three days, then give a full dose of castor oil, from one to two tablespoonfuls. Make the powdered nut into a pill with syrup, and give first thing in the morning.

CONSTANT READER, Natick, Mass.—I have got a setter puppy nine months old, that had the distemper last Summer, and left him in a bad fix. One of his legs and head twitches if he is still a few minutes, but after a little run he seems better for a few minutes. He has got a good appetite, and is in good condition. I should like to know what to do for him. Ans.—It is chorea that he has. Give him the treatment prescribed for C. M. in last issue.

J. N. R. Marks, La.—I want to know how many pure Laverack setters there are in the United States? 2. What is their color? 3. Who owns them? Ans.—1. It would be impossible to tell you: we published a list of them about a year ago, but they have increased since then, and we have neither the record to what extent, nor the owners. 2. Lemon and white, lemon belton, black and white, black white and tan, blue belton, and liver and white.

F. C. S., Ithaca, N. Y.—Will you oblige me with pedigree of litter of pups from Elcho and Fanny Fern, and of which litter Horace Silsby, of Seneca Falls, owns Dan? Ans.—Dan is by champion Elcho out of Fanny Fern. Elcho is by Oppenheimer's (St. Petersburg, Russia) Charley, out of his Nell; Fanny Fern is by Ducat's Tippo, out of his Ruby.

GAME AND SHOOTING.

J. B. B., Augusta, Ill.—1st. We have been having a discussion in regard to the Prairie Chicken Law. I stated, on the authority of the CHICAGO FIELD, that the law was up the first day of December, with five days for the shippers to get rid of what they had on hand, and a Chicago firm wrote to a dealer here to ship right along until the first of January. Please state which is correct. 2nd. Can the U. M. paper shells be exploded if so, what is the name of the primers? Ans.—1st. The law expired Dec. 1. Can you send us name of dealer? 2d. Yes. Address F. P. Taylor, 72 East Madison street, Chicago, stating gauge of shell.

WHO CAN ANSWER?—Collinswood, Ohio.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Will you be so kind as to inform me, if after the first of December will be too late to go to Monroe, Michigan, or the St. Clair flats for duck shooting? also where is a good locality for chicken shooting on the L. S. & M. S. R'y., between Toledo and Chicago? I intended to go duck shooting on November 1, but my business was such that I could not get away, and now if it is too late I want to try shooting chickens for a few days.

SUBSCRIBER, Gilroy, Cal.—Read your Gun Trials with much interest. Please give us your theory why the left barrel of a gun always shoots so much better than the right. Ans.—The left barrel is choked more than the right, and will, consequently, shoot further.

TRAP SHOOTING.

EXETER, Exeter, Ont.—A and B are shooting a pigeon match for money. A goes to score, puts cartridge in right barrel, cocks both locks, calls pull, bird rises: A pulls left trigger, sees his mistake, and pulls right trigger and kills bird. B claims that A is not entitled to score bird on account of having pulled the wrong trigger first. Is A entitled to score bird or not? Ans.—Certainly A is entitled to bird.

SUBSCRIBER, Emporia, Kan.—Our club here has a badge; the rules are that the club shall shoot for said badge not oftener than once each month, and the winner of the badge 6 times consecutively it shall become his personal property. Now if at a shoot, say for September, a party wins it, and October there is no shoot, and November the badge is shot for October, and after the party wins the badge he is challenged to shoot for it for November or a back month that there was no shoot, say October, now the party wins it again, he claims that he has won it twice, say October and November shoot for it was shot the same day, and by agreement of all shooters present. Will it count two or is a month lost forever? Answer in columns of CHICAGO FIELD. Ans.—It counts twice, just the same as though shot for during the month specified.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Knight, Geneva, Ia.—In a game of euchre, the dealer turned down the trump, his opponent made the trump; the dealer said "I will play it alone against you." It was claimed by the maker of the trump that his making the trump precluded the dealer from doing so, the same as though the second party had ordered the dealer to take up the trump on purpose to prevent a lone hand. Was his point well taken and correct? Ans.—The point was well taken; the dealer could not play it alone.

"A DROP OF JOY IN EVERY WORD."—Flemington, Hunterdon, Co., N. J. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:—Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my body, limbs and face. I procured your Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pills, and have taken six bottles, and to-day I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write.

—(Adv't.)

Yours truly,

JAMES O. HELLIS.

BUTTER BUYERS everywhere are refusing to take white, lard-looking butter, except at "grease" prices. Customers want nothing but gilt edged butter, and buyers therefore recommend their patrons to keep a uniform color throughout the year by using the Perfected Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. It is the only color that can be relied on to never injure the butter, and to always give the perfect color. Sold by Druggists.—(Adv't.)

WHAT MAKES YOU SICK?—You have allowed your bowels to become habitually constive, your liver has become torpid, the same thing ails your kidneys, and you are just used up. Now be sensible, get a package of Kidney-Wort, take it faithfully, and soon you will forget you've got any such organs, for you will be a well man.—(Adv't.)

Fish and Fishing.

BY FRED MATHER.

The Trout and the Ring.

BY THE BAIT DIGGER.

The tale I sing
Is a song of Spring,
And is true beyond a doubt;
The players are
Miss Clara Carr,
Myself, Uncle Jess, and a trout.

'Twas Clara's wish
To take a fish
From the bridge across the brook;
So I rigged her a line
Both strong and fine,
And baited her Limerick hook.

With a spring and a snap
A speckled old chap
Snatched the bait and made the line sing;
I gave a shout
At the sight of the trout,
And Clara dropped her ring.

We searched for days,
In many ways,
We raked and dragged and sounded;
We sifted ooze,
But 'twas no use,
In short, we never found it.

Many a trout
Was taken out
Of the pool where the stream was crossed;
And opened with care,
But no ring was there,
And we gave it up for lost.

'Twas a year, I guess,
When Uncle Jess
Caught the biggest one on a fly;
He was plump and round,
And weighed a pound,
And he took it home to fry.

His eye shone bright,
As he told that night,
Of the ring lost a year ago
On the very spot
Where his trout was got,
And never found, high or low.

"Now what do you think?"
Said he with a wink,
"I'll bet you never could guess
What was in that trout;"
"The ring?" they shout;
"No; nothing but guts," said Jess.

The Oyster Trade of New York City.

Who would suppose that the oyster trade of New York city approached anything like the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars per day! Yet this is about the daily average for the season of eight months, during which time fifty thousand million oysters are consumed according to the accounts given to an *Evening Telegram* reporter who swallowed much information with his "East Rivers."

How near correct these figures are we cannot say, but that the city consumes great quantities of the mollusk is evident to any one who has strolled in any part of it after dark. A good illustration of this is found in Dickens' "American Notes." They are more than suggestive at this season. He says:

"The streets and shops of New York city are lighted now; and as the eye travels down the long thoroughfare dotted with bright jets of gas, one is reminded of Oxford street or Piccadilly. Here and there a flight of stone cellar steps appear, and a painted lamp leads you to the bowling saloon or the ten-pin alley. * * * At other downward flights of steps are other lamps marking the whereabouts of oyster cellars—pleasant retreats, say I, not only by reason of their wonderful cookery of oysters pretty high as large as cheese plates (or for thy sake, heartiest of Greek professors!) but because of all kinds of eaters of fish, flesh or fowl in these latitudes, the swallowers of oysters alone are not gregarious, but subduing themselves, as it were, to the nature of what they work in, and copying the coyness of the thing they eat, do set apart in curtained boxes and consort by twos, not by two hundreds."

After the opera Monday night more than fifty supper parties were found by the *Telegram* reporter, who supped chiefly on oysters; and in one room on Broadway an observant authority saw forty-three tables at which ladies and gentlemen were testifying to the esteem in which is held the nation's bivalve. With a view of arriving at the statistical part of a business which is of dimensions beyond the ordinary appreciation of its limits, the writer sought an eminent authority, who, being hampered by inquiry, made reply:

"I sell oysters year in and year out, but you ask for live information, and I will not go into the statistics that will tell you of the number brought from Virginia and planted, but get down to the real oyster bed of information you are longing after. Well, I estimate that there are more than eight thousand places in this city where oysters are sold for consumption on the premises. One saloon in this city sold 7,000 oysters on the 1st day of September, three years ago, and taking that as a large figure for any oyster business to attain in a day, from it you can, however, strike an average of \$15 as the sales per day of these oyster places throughout the city. Now it would astonish anybody to say that \$120,000 is spent by oyster consumers for the famous bivalve every cold day during Winter, but it is safe to put it that \$100,000 is paid on any day from the 1st of September of any year to the 1st of May of the year next succeeding. Multiply the estimated daily sales by 240, the number of days in the R months, and \$24,000,000 stand out as representing the yearly expenditure for oysters in that last stage of their existence when they bring in a monetary return to their possessor; and yet the estimate is probably considerably below the actual fact. Philadelphia probably consumes more than half as many as New York, and Boston and Baltimore together more than New York again, and, aside from the home consumption, the shipments to inland cities, and even the Pacific States, are enormous. The appetite of all inland and mountain men for all sorts of shell fish is something huge. Baltimore employs more than \$15,000,000 in the canning of oysters. More than 20,000,000 bushels of oysters are canned a year in that city. On account of their superior excellence, American oysters are now exported in vast quantities to England, Germany, France, and other European countries. These exportations are mostly in cans; but immense quantities are sent abroad in shell. Since the 1st of September scarcely a steamer has left these shores which has not carried away 100 barrels or more still in the shell. I tell you what it is, the total of our oyster trade approaches much nearer our annual crop of cotton and wheat than any one who does not make these things a special study would be willing to credit. I do not doubt that our annual trade in oysters ex-

ceeds \$300,000,000 a year; while the total annual consumption in this country and our shipments abroad exceed the amazing total of fifty thousand million oysters. Now just put that number in figures, my young friend, so you can appreciate its immensity—see—50,000,000,000."

A GREAT OYSTER COOK.

Now here speaks the oyster cook of a great hotel, where thousands of oysters assimilate themselves with a higher creation daily: "There is no article of food which is more damaged by cheap accompaniment than the oyster. The popular demand for cheapness has driven the bulk of oyster cooks and sellers to use such poor ingredients that nearly all the genuine relish of the oyster is lost. The oyster is so delicate and highly sensitive that it should never be fried except in the best of sweet oil made of olives. To economize on these oils many of them use imitation stuff. That is wrong. Hog's lard and inferior butter are extensively damaging to the healthfulness and relish of oysters. If butter must be used, let it be only the best of table butter, or if lard, the purest refined article. The oyster will be so much more satisfactorily digested, and found to be so much more nutritious, that the additional expense will be found an hundred fold compensation."

"I don't want any special recipes for frying, boiling, roasting or broiling. I want to get at some axioms in the matter of cooking oysters of more importance for general knowledge, Monsieur chef de cuisine."

"True enough. Then let the first truth be made easy to see. Discard cheapness in cooking oysters. The effrontery and fraud in oysters reaches its climax when you have got down to the miserable cullings out of which the cheaper stews and soups are made, and which hucksters announce as 'prime oysters, on y quarter of a dollar a hundred,' and yet so strong and general is the appetite for oysters, that this innutritious and indigestible refuse is bought and eaten by tens of thousands every winter. Get only the best. One oyster that costs four cents is of more value to stomach and palate than four oysters that cost one cent. That, if not an axiom, should be made one."

With this remark, given in the dictatorial fashion which cooks will assume to inferiors and inquirers, the chef turned to his range and ostentatiously fingered his gridiron, whereupon another authoritative source presenting itself, the subject was continued:—

HIGH AUTHORITY.

The facts presented above prove the infinite popularity of the oyster—that all ages and all classes hunger for it, notwithstanding its fine native qualities are almost entirely sacrificed by crude and clumsy modes of cooking it. It sounds strange to say, after all the evidence of how great a favorite it is, that it is a positive fact that there are not many persons who ever ate a cooked oyster in a style which did full justice to its high native flavor. The Chinese, who have been using it nobody knows how long, attempt to preserve it in a way that leaves but little of the real oyster to be eaten. They plunge the oysters in boiling water and then expose them to the rays of the sun until every particle of moisture is evaporated. These they call dried oysters. As cured by this process they are, in fact, oysters with all the real oyster extracted. It is not the drying them which destroys them, but it is the plunging them in hot water. This hot water drinks up all the native flavor of the fish. The same mistake is made by many cooks in this country and elsewhere who plunge oysters into hot water to make them look larger and more inviting. That certainly swells them, but additional size is purchased at the expense of flavor. Many of the very round, plump, extra oysters, which are so much admired, are made so by thus sousing them in very hot water, but it will be found that, just in proportion as they have been artificially enlarged in this way, the aroma of oyster has paid the cost. The last part of this information came from L. Delmonico's steward, who had much rather build a salad centre-piece than treat the royal shell fish. He had the poetry of his art at heart, for he quotes:—"Messieurs, l'huile est bonne. Adieu, vivez en paix," which, to freely translate and give also the remainder of the quotation as Pope made it to read:—

"There, take—says Justice, take ye each a shell;
We thrive at Westminster on such fools as you;
'Twas a fat oyster. Live in peace—adieu."

The Pleasures of Fine Tackle.

The Newark Sunday Call, in noticing a paragraph which was floating around to the effect that "American fish-lines are rapidly becoming equal in quality to those made abroad," takes occasion to remark that "Too much labor is expended on the modern fishing tackle. When we were a boy we caught more fish—and bigger ones—with a willow pole and a penny piece of cord with a hook on one end, than our anglers of to-day bring home after fishing all day with a pole, line, reel, flies, and other accompaniments costing fifteen dollars and a half. It appears to be the rule that the higher price the tackle, the fewer fish you catch."

Our sprightly contemporary probably wrote that after its sporting editor had bought some new tackle and sailed down the bay on one of those off days when the fish won't bite and when the boat shipped a sea and with his lunch and that portion of his clothing upon which he sits. We say probably, because he is cheerful enough at other times, and, expert fisherman that he is, knows that the numerous fish of our daddies in their struggle for existence would bite at anything, but their less frequent descendants having grown wiser, decline the lure when the string is too plainly visible. Our neighbor while in that state described in rhyme descriptive of the "fisherman's luck" as having his foot wet and a collapsed stomach had forgotten the pleasures of handling elegant tackle, fine guns, correct chronometers and blooded stock, and had allowed himself to drift back to the simple wants of primitive man.

"Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor bare-forked animal as thou art."

Even the poor lunatic king, after abandoning his kingdom to his daughters, recognized in his houseless wanderings that the naked Edgar was lacking in æsthetic tastes, which he retained even in his destitute condition. The barefooted boy may enjoy his fishing after his own manner, but he does not enjoy landing a heavy fish with delicate tackle and watching the strain on the trusty rod, which may double, tip to butt, and yet recovers and brings the fighting fish to its master's hand, while the tapered silken line smoothly running on the reel, which works as true as a watch-balance, sings the sweetest music to the angler's ear. Nor does he know the pleasure of overhauling his tackle in the stormy days of winter, and the preparation for the campaign at the opening of the season.

Concerning the paragraph to which the Call referred, we will say that we formerly used English lines, but that lately lines have been made in America which for evenness, strength, fineness and durability exceed anything which we have seen. Those tapered silk water-proof lines made by the "Gold-medal Braid Co.," whose address we do not know but find their lines in all first-class stores, are certainly all that an angler could wish.

We feel certain that the Call will thank us for calling its attention to this, which might be called the callotechnics, or in fact the very calliflowers of angling.

A Fishculturist of Taste.

Mr. Geo. H. Jerome, late Superintendent of Fisheries of the State of Michigan, has some private ponds in the grounds surrounding his beautiful home, which overlooks the handsome city of Niles. In these ponds he has kept trout and other fishes where they could be under his constant supervision while engaged in restoring the waters of his state to something like their old production of food for the people. Now that he has resigned the position which he has filled so well, he is engaged in beautifying his finely located home and resting upon his well-earned and gracefully-won laurels. We have been fortunate in tasting the hospitalities which Mr. Jerome dispenses with the broadest of hands, figuratively speaking, and note with interest the following from the Niles Republican:

"It is said, and truthfully, too, that 'he who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, is a public benefactor,' and how much more credit there is due to the man who beautifies his home, makes pleasant all its surroundings, sets a good example to his neighbors, and stimulates a hearty spirit of improvement."

"We are led to these brief reflections by lately noticing the beautiful improvements made at the home of the Hon. Geo. H. Jerome, whose residence is now probably as well supplied with the useful, the ornamental and the beautiful as the heart of its owner could desire. During the year he has rebuilt his fishery ponds, enlarged them and increased their number, enclosing them with brick and stone, laid in water lime, rendering them very firm and substantial. He has built on the bank of his fish ponds a two-story summer house, with a small office attached. This is a handsome structure, the design being very attractive. Another fountain has been added to the grounds. He has laid out drives on his place which will give him a carriage drive of nearly half a mile on his grounds. A new addition has been made to his house, by which he gets an elegant suite of rooms, connected by folding doors. In his library room is a large game fireplace. In the jams and mantle are inserted fish, game and rock-work designs. It only takes half an eye to see that all these designs are the emanations of his fruitful brain. Among other attractions which he has added is an immense book-case, in the center of which is an elegant mirror."

"Mr. Jerome is a gentleman of wonderful adaptability. Whether delivering a Fourth of July oration, ably managing the State Fisheries, or perched on the top of a two-horse load of wood, he is equally at home. He is a man of fine tastes, good judgment, and is possessed of a will that never grows weary. May he and his good wife long live to enjoy the pleasures and comforts of their beautiful and hospitable home is the wish of very many who appreciate the active, energetic life of him who built it."

"We learn that artists are now engaged in perfecting views of his place, with a view of inserting them in the forthcoming history of Berrien and Van Buren counties. They will make attractive pages in that work."

The International Fishery Exhibition.

TO BE HELD IN BERLIN IN APRIL, 1880.

The above exhibition will be opened on the 20th of April, 1880, and in view of the large proportions it is assuming, the advisability of keeping it open for a period of at least six weeks is now under consideration.

The 1st of January, 1880, is still adhered to as the last day on which applications for space can be entertained, but the commission earnestly request that intending exhibitors will state their requirements at an earlier date—the earliest possible—specifying, if only in a preliminary form, the nature of their exhibits; the wall, floor, or table space (in open air or under cover) needed for the objects, and any special arrangements or facilities connected with the latter which may be desired.

The support which the enterprise is receiving from all parts of the world is such as to necessitate an extension of the area at command, and by complying with the request just made, exhibitors will enable the commission to estimate and provide the additional space required.

In the previously issued circular a hope was expressed that it might be found possible, in the case of specially meritorious achievements or productions, to offer a suitable award, and the commission has now the gratification of announcing that three prizes of honor will be given by His Majesty the German Emperor, and one prize of honor, respectively, by His Majesty the King of Saxony, by his Majesty the King of Wurtemberg, by his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, and by the senates of the free Hanse Towns of Hamburg and Bremen.

Respecting the money prizes which it was proposed to grant to professional fishermen deemed worthy of such awards, the small fund needed for this purpose will be raised by subscription.

The other prizes will consist of medals; these being of gold (silver gilt), silver or bronze, according to the degree of merit to be designated.

The prizes of honor, as well as the medals and money prizes, will be awarded by an international jury, the constitution (division into sections, etc.) of which can be decided on, as soon as it is ascertained approximately to what extent different countries are likely to be represented at the exhibition.

Collective exhibitions are announced from Norway, Sweden, Holland, Italy, Canada, Japan, China, Malaysia, and many parts of the German Empire. When of sufficient importance collective exhibitions will be kept as such—the objects remaining together—if a wish to that effect is expressed. All letters to be addressed, "Ausstellungs-Commission des Deutschen Fischerei-Vereins," No. 9 Leipziger Platz, Berlin, W.

Sport at Reelfoot Lake.

Notwithstanding the unreasonably warm weather, our Middle Tennessee sportsmen are having a good time of it at Reelfoot. On Thursday the following party left for that famous hunting and fishing locality: A. R. Davis, Alex. W. Vick, J. B. Peyton, and Dixon Brown, of Lebanon; J. K. Miller and Major W. S. Munday, of Gallatin, and C. C. Cantrell, of Edgefield. The following departed yesterday for the lake: Dr. D. B. Cliffe, John Cliffe, Capt. T. F. Perkins, Willie White, Franklin; C. H. Saltmarsh, Cincinnati; Hon. A. A. Freeman, Washington City; Col. E. S. Wheat, Nashville.

Meantime the letter printed below gives the pleasant experiences of some of these already on the scene:

FRY POINT, REELFOOT LAKE, NOV. 9, 1879.

To the American: According to promise I report progress. We reached Reelfoot Tuesday, at 1 o'clock, and at once went into camp. By 5 p. m. supper was over and tents all arranged. We killed twenty ducks that evening, and devoted the following day to shooting and hunting a more eligible camping place. At night we found ourselves in possession of fifty ducks. We moved to this point last Thursday. It is a small, dry island, consisting of half an acre of ground, and covered with willow

trees. It is two miles out from the main land, and in the center of the fishing and shooting ground, or rather water.

Since we have been here our greatest difficulty has been to tell whether to go hunting or fishing. If you go hunting and leave your rod, before you are out long the bass make such a display that you feel like you wanted to be back and get your fishing tackle. If you take your tackle and leave your gun you soon get so surrounded with ducks and geese that you wish your fishing-tackle at camp and had your gun; so we have about adopted the plan of carrying both.

Although we have been here only a few days, we have ducks so thickly hung up that if you were to drop in on us you would feel like you were in some great duck market. Our party use only fish, and duck gizzards and livers. We have more fish, and better fish than you ever saw at any one place. I caught eleven large ones yesterday with five minnows, and the other fellows swear I can't fish, at that.

Tom Miller has killed the only goose so far by our party. Capt. Alexander went out the day before yesterday and killed about fifty coots, and came in feeling like he was a hunter, but took on a big disgust when informed by our foreman, Miller, that coots were not allowed in our camp.

Maj. Allen announced when he got up this morning that there was to be no fishing or hunting to-day; and, as he is superintendent of the Sunday-school at Dixon Springs, we decided he should hold Sunday-school. Being unable to find a Bible in camp, we required him to read through the advertisements and all in the American, which we received last night, it being the next best thing to the Bible.

Our party is composed of Tom Miller, Maj. Gen.; Maj. Jno. Allen, Col. Fry, Judge Vertrees and C. Alexander, two paddlers, and last but not least, Wash Miller, the cook and general boss of the tents.

The islands in the lakes and all along the bank is covered with tents and huts, occupied by fishermen and hunters. It reminds me more of war times than anything I have seen since the late unpleasantness.—Jno. A. Fitts, in Nashville American.

California Salmon Eggs in Germany.

[From the Fischerei Zeitung.]

LUBBINGEN, Nov. 2.

On Friday, Oct. 31, by order of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, I received 100,000 California salmon eggs at Bremerhaven from the North German Lloyd steamer Mosel, just arrived. Through the kind attentions of Captain Neynaber, the eggs came safely with a loss of not more than one to two per cent., and from Bremen I made the following distribution:

Mr. Schuster, Radolfzell.....	27,000
Mr. von dem Borne, Bernuchen.....	25,000
Prof. Dr. von Nowicki, Gracow.....	15,000
Prof. Dr. Anton Fric, Prague.....	10,000
Prof. Dr. Krutzsch, Tharand.....	10,000
Mr. R. Eckardt, Lubbingen.....	10,000
Superintendent at Coslin.....	1,000
Mr. von Stemmann, Rendsburg.....	1,000
Mr. Schroter, Hadersleben.....	1,000
Total.....	100,000

The eggs were packed in three of Mather's refrigerating boxes. This method is the best under all circumstances, where the boxes can be carried right side up, and not upset. Mr. Mather repacked the eggs, and gave them in charge of the captain; they are a present from Professor S. F. Baird, to the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, through its president, Herr von Behr, of Schmoldon, and now that these eggs have safely arrived in Germany, let us hope that they will thrive; if so, they will prove to be beyond price, and in two years may reach a length of twenty-five centimetres, with a proportionate size of body.

R. ECKARDT.

Is the Mackerel Migratory?

The Belfast Republican Journal raises this question by the following article:

"It has been generally supposed that the mackerel is a fish of passage, performing certain periodical migrations from south to north at one season of the year, and the reverse at another; but this opinion is now conceded to be erroneous. It is known with certainty that mackerel remain near the coast of England at all times, as they have been taken there in every month in the year. Mr. Yarrell, whose work on British Fisheries is of the highest authority, is of the opinion that the mackerel is not a migrating fish; he says: 'The law of nature which obliges mackerel and others to visit the shallow water of the shores at a particular season, appears to be one of those wise and bountiful provisions of the Creator, by which not only is the species perpetuated with the greatest certainty, but a large portion of the parent animals are thus brought within the reach of man, who, but for the action of this law, would be deprived of many of those species most valuable to him as food. For the mackerel, dispersed over the immense surface of the deep, no effective fishery could be carried on; but approaching the shore as they do, from all directions, and roving along the coast in immense shoals, millions are caught, which yet form a small portion compared with the myriads that escape.'

"The Gloucester fishermen are still taking mackerel off the Massachusetts coast, and they are very large and fat. There is no doubt but that this fish could be taken off our coast through the winter, as well as in English waters."

California Notes.

[From the San Francisco Bee.]

The seals in San Francisco bay are fast killing off the fishes, and their extinction is loudly demanded.

The sailor may harpoon the whale,
The Greenlander, the seals,
Enough for me if I can but
Lampoon the lamprey eels.

The bars at Olema and Russian River are now open, and large quantities of salmon and sea trout are running in these streams. They are in fine condition, and the latter especially are delicious eating.

Levi Davis, who resides near Forestville, has drawn the water off one of his carp ponds, and found the fish in good condition, but somewhat crowded, as they averaged over fifty to the square rod.

Several persons have of late hooked tigersharks while fishing along the San Francisco water-front. Some day the bathers may make the acquaintance of these monsters of the deep.

The waters near Knight's Landing have recently afforded some first-class perch fishing, and people from that town, Woodland, and surrounding country have had plenty of sport.

The Laf, Where it Comes in.

From a letter written by a correspondent in the Seychelle Archipelago, it would seem that though "every prospect pleases," man is not the only vile creature which the islands and their waters boast. There is a small but highly poisonous fish, we are told, called the "laf," the spines upon whose back are hollow, and filled, like the fangs of a cobra, with a dangerous poison which sometimes produces death and always intense pain. "You may draw it unobserved into the boat when you are fishing and find out its peculiarities before its presence is ascertained. Sharks, too, are more than abundant, and it seems, hang about the frail boats of the place with such terrible earnestness as to assail sailors and cause them to refrain from tempting the deep; the creatures eat the oars as they are thrust into the water, munch the sides of the canoes, and altogether misconduct themselves so gravely that harpoons have to be used in order to repel them. Happily, in respect to the 'laf,' nature has provided an

antidote, for no sooner has he stung than his body offers a cure to anyone who has the presence of mind to seize it, cut it open and apply it to the wound. Against the teeth of the shark no such protection is offered, yet those who wish to avoid its mouth can do so by keeping ashore. They miss the enjoyment of the loveliest waters in the world, but they also escape a fate compared with which that of Jonah was child's play.—*London Telegraph*.

Fish Notes from the Wabash.

[From the *Carmi* (Ill.) *Courier*.]

Several hunting parties, hailing from Evansville, New Harmony, and Mt. Vernon, Ind., have lately invaded White county, and encamped for a sporting career in the vicinity of Clear Pond. The weather has been too warm for much success, and we have not heard of any big runs of luck either in shooting or fishing, the parties engaging in both.

Fishermen near Wabash Station report the cat-fish very fat in that neighborhood, and that nearly all caught contain kernels of corn in their stomachs. They have been feeding on the corn that was sunk on the steamboat *Ada* some months ago.

It is reported that seines have been freely used in Clear Pond lately by non-residents of the state. Our citizens who are fond of angling should see that an end be put to this pot method of destroying our fishing resorts.

The Influence of the Chicago Field.

The following notice of a valued correspondent appears in the *Carmi* (Ill.) *Courier*, the moral of which is never to tell in the *CHICAGO FIELD* what you do not wish everybody to know. We do not think, however, that Mr. Locke regrets it at all, for he is a generous soul, who would share his last crust with a brother sportsman, and certainly the *Courier* knows that sportsmen always leave more than the full value of what they get. It says:

"W. M. Locke, the clever agent of the S. E. R. R., at Wabash Station, has gone to Macon county, Missouri, to visit friends and spend a week in hunting. His correspondence to the *CHICAGO FIELD* brought so many hunting parties to the Wabash that he has to seek sport elsewhere. Locke is good on the trigger and a good fisherman, besides with an eye always open for Indian relics."

The New York Aquarium.

Mr. Coup's horses have been the attraction here but were withdrawn on account of an engagement in Boston. A troupe of performing horses belonging to Mr. Reiche, together with a performing monkey, have been amusing the people for the past week; these give place to a revival of the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the holidays. The pair of hippopotami are still there but have been sold to a western showman. The display of fishes is not large, a "red snapper," *Lutjanus blackfordii*, the first one shown alive; a tank of "spotted codlings," *Urophycis regius*; a fine "red-fish" or channel bass, *Sciaenops ocellatus*; an electric eel, and an African electric fish, *Malapterurus*, are among the fishy attractions, while a pair of chimpanzees and a sloth interest others.

HOW TO EAT AN OYSTER.—An oyster has to be taken as a whole and respected as such. It refuses to be dealt with in detail, and he who attempts it makes a gastronomic failure of no small magnitude. There is only one way in which an oyster can be eaten. There lies on the shell, hard, white and plump, its convoluted edges, matching the rim of the shell. You pass the thin blade of your knife carefully under it and release the fibrous heart from its pearly connection. Then you lay your knife down, take the frontal edge of the oyster firmly between your thumb and finger, bring it up in front of your face in close connection with your lips, look at it an instant, lay your head back, shut your eyes, open your mouth, place the delicious morsel on your tongue so as to sense its fine saltiness, then let go your hold of it, and—away it goes, as slowly and as easily as a ship glides from the ways into the welcoming sea. Whoever has done this deed once, and felt the full physical rapture of it, has one memory, at least, that will never die while the senses of the palate remain. Not only is there a proper way to eat an oyster, but there is also a proper way to prepare an oyster to be eaten. And as regards roasting, this is the way: First and foremost among the requisites is a good old-fashioned fireplace, with its stone hearth, its stout, brazen andirons, its white ashes, its glowing bed of coals, and its bright, roaring flame. Now draw up your low chairs and your stools, a tiny tray, a coarse towel and a short, thin-bladed knife on every lap, and a plate of bread and butter on the floor at your side. Set a bushel basket full of oysters, large as the palm of your hand and shaped like a scallop, at the corner of the fireplace, and a pitcher of sweet cider on the sideboard. Now we are ready. The host stands, tongs in hand, and with nimble motions places twenty of the big fellows on the carefully laid, blazing sticks. The silence of expectation falls upon the group. Every eye is fastened on the bivalves. Whiz, buzz, sputter, bang! Now the sport begins. How the explosions follow each other! How the tongs fly in and out of the fire! How the plates rattle! How the jokes fly! How the laughter bursts out and peals through the old home! How the chimney roars! How the bread and butter and cider vanish!—*Golden Rule*.

A BROKEN AND CONTRITE FISHERMAN.—It was a delightful Sunday afternoon, Sabbath-school was out, and the superintendent took a stroll up the canal. The grasshoppers were turning somersaults in the high grass, their last performance for the season, and the emerald-vested katydids warbled from their velvety coverts under the mullein leaves. When he got to the aqueduct over Fall creek, where the water, escaping through the time-riven timbers, joins the flood below, most musical in their meeting, he found a wicked acquaintance, with a line dangling in the water. He was about to frame a reproof for the Sabbath breaker when, goodness gracious, what a bite! Another, and a bass, a perfect beauty, was flouncing over the green grass. "What sort of bait are you using, Jim?" (The reproof was postponed.) "Hoppers," was the reply, as the line, rebated, slid into the stream. He fumbled nervously in his vest pocket, and found he had hook and line, but — Jim had another bite, and another three-quarter pound bass was thrown out upon the bank. "Where do you get your bait?" he asked. "Oh, these boys 'll catch 'em for you." "You don't say so!" The line came out of his pocket, the hook was baited, and a three-quarter-pounder was gasping on the shore. Another, and then another! Never was such luck. The superintendent was excited. "Hurry up with the grasshoppers." "Please, Mr. C., here's a hopper," piped a small boy. The superintendent looked down. The eyes of the angler and his helper met. It was a crowning mercy he didn't tumble into the water. The grasshopper purveyor was the boss boy of his Sunday-school. There are sermons in running brooks to that Sunday-school superintendent, and yet he can't be got within a mile of a stream, and can't even look at an ice wagon without a shudder.—*Indianapolis News*.

THE CHIMERA OR RAT-FISH.—This is one of the most singular of the inhabitants of the seas, so singular that naturalists make it a distinct order of fishes, and so singular that its very strangeness makes it common in museums, since even fishermen and sailors often preserve specimens on account of their grotesque appearance. It is in many parts of its structure similar to a shark, but instead of having several gill-openings, has only one, like an ordinary fish; the cartilage which serves for bone in the head of the fish is all in one piece, without distinction between skull, upper jaw, etc.; and there is upon the snout a curious cartilaginous projection armed with recurved teeth on its bottom-like extremity.

Two kinds are known in the Atlantic, and one in the Pacific; but from information received from Mr. Ioan Petroff, editor of the *Alaska Appeal*, it is not unlikely there may be a second species on this coast. The only kind yet known in these waters was described and figured in 1839, in the *Zoology of Beechey's Voyage*, and has a long thread-like appendage to the tail fin; but Mr. Petroff says that one he saw on his last trip to Alaska had no such appendage.

No work on natural history with which I am acquainted attempts to explain the use of the curious excrescence on the top of the head, with its terminal armament of sharp hooks; but the action of the one last mentioned, which caught a finger of the cabin-boy who was handling it between these hooks and the top of the head, and took a piece of flesh clean out, would indicate that it is a weapon of defense, perhaps also of offense. The individual alluded to was taken in deep water, while fishing for halibut and cod, and its stomach was full of broken pieces of shells. Mr. Petroff promises to endeavor to procure a specimen for our museum on his next trip northward.—*W. N. L., in Pacific Life*.

WHERE THE LAUGH CAME IN.—A joke almost too good to lose has just come to light. Our estimable citizens, Deacon Phillips and Captain Goodwin, went, not long since, to Punderson's Pond, Newbury, for a two days' fish. At the close of the first day they retired with the understanding that they should be out the next morning at peep o' day to give the bass their breakfast, as all genuine anglers understand that the early morning is the time to take 'em. They went to sleep and visions of big fish floated pleasantly before their visions, until the Deacon awoke, and punching his partner in the ribs announced that the dawn was gently breaking. Out of bed in a moment, they were both soon dressed, and after both remarking what a good night's rest they had enjoyed, the Captain went for the minnows half a mile distant, while the Deacon got things in readiness for the first cast. The Captain returned and they sat and chatted a few minutes, waiting for it to get a little lighter, when the former looked at his watch and it was just eleven o'clock. Let charity with her downy wings draw her mantle over the scene.—*Chagrin Falls Exponent*.

THE VALUE OF FISH AS FOOD.—Prof. Atwater, of the Wesleyan University, under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission, will shortly commence a very thorough series of researches on the food-giving qualities of the various edible fish most common in our markets, and Mr. E. G. Blackford, of the New York State Fish Commission, will contribute the raw material, indicating very exactly the locality where the fish were caught, with other details. Individual fish have been before studied as to their economic value, but nothing of a general character has ever yet been attempted with the idea of a comparison. It is to be hoped, then, that many valuable facts will be made known when the results of this examination of our fish will be read at the next meeting of the American Fishcultural Association.

A NEVADA FISH FARM.—Mr. H. C. Fenstermaker owns 600 acres of land south of Eureka, Nevada, on which he has a fishery which is fed by enormous springs which form a chain of lakes. He has trout and other fishes in them, and has ordered carp and catfish, as well as the eggs of whitefish which he will get this fall. He also expects some soft-shell turtle and black bass. When the bass eat up the trout and the turtles have devoured the last bass, and have then eaten each other until only one old fellow is left, he will then sling:

"Oh, I'm the crew and the Captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
The ho'n' tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

THE FIRST CARP.—Nashville, Tenn.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—The first "carp" ever in this state were sent here some ten days ago, to Col. G. F. Akers, our state fish commissioner, for distribution throughout the state. Only five hundred came, so that the number given to each person was necessarily small. Dr. Callender, superintendent of the Tennessee Asylum, has taken charge of a number of the fish, which he has placed in a large pond in the asylum grounds; he first drew off the water, and removed every kind of fish or minnow that was in it, in order to leave the "carp" absolute masters of their new home. From this point large and favorable results may be expected, as the Doctor will give his personal attention to the experiment.

CLIMAX.

FIGHTING FISHERS.—In an account of the Gourami and its kindred, by Dr. Theo. Gill, we find this account of what must be a game fish. He says: "To this family belongs the *Pla kat* of Siam, *Beta pugnax*, which is raised by the Siamese for game purposes, individuals of the species being pitted against each other, and fighting with as much vim and animosity as their warm-blooded rivals the game cocks." We suppose by this that they take two *Pla kate* and tie their tails together and hang them over a clothes line, after the manner of our own juvenile pleasures, for which the tingling of the maternal slipper brought blushes to the cheeks that would favorably compare with a boiled lobster. *Beta pugnax* probably means, you bet on his pugnacity.

FISHES OF NOVA SCOTIA.—We have received a list of the fishes of Nova Scotia corrected to 1879, by J. Mathew Jones, the well-known naturalist. He has observed ninety-seven species, of which eighty are exclusively marine, eight are fresh water and nine are found in both or brackish water. It will interest many to know that Mr. Jones says that the land-locked salmon is called a "grayling" in Nova Scotia. This disposes of the stories of the grayling being found there. The list is a valuable contribution to North American Ichthyology.

TROUT FOR MISSOURI.—Mr. D. B. Scott, of the Wisconsin State Fish Hatchery at Milwaukee, was in the city yesterday, having just returned from the Ozark region of Missouri, where he deposited 5,000 brook trout, mainly in Bennett's Creek and Schlitts' spring. The fish were purchased from the Wisconsin hatchery by the Missouri State Fish Commissioners. Mr. Scott returned to Milwaukee last night, but will be back here next week with 5,000 more brook trout, which will be deposited under direction of Dr. Stedman, of this city, one of the fish commissioners.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

CARP FOR NEW YORK.—Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fish Commissioner, has received 500 fine carp from Professor Baird; they were bred in the National carp ponds at Washington.

Notes.

A REASON FOR TAKING OYSTERS OFF THE "NATURAL GROUND."—It is claimed by persons whose experience is large that some natural oyster beds will cease to be such if the public is excluded from them. They are where mud would soon cover and destroy them, but for the working over they constantly receive from the oystermen along the shore. It is claimed that no private owner would be likely to spend the labor necessary to be given to such portions of ground to keep them productive. He would find the mud, etc., accumulating so fast that he would soon abandon these grounds, if they should be apportioned to him. But a spot to which everybody can go is worked over a great deal. This is said also to be true of some clam beds, once very productive, now almost useless.—*Sea World*.

SHAD IN CALIFORNIA.—Shad are getting to be quite common in the San Francisco market. It the East they are only to be had a few weeks in the Spring, when they come into the rivers for the purpose of spawning. Where they go to after they leave the rivers has never been ascertained by the pisciculturists of the Atlantic states. They are to be had in the California waters every month in the year, and it has been discovered that, after leaving the Sacramento river, they take to Monterey Bay, where they are taken by the fishermen in their seines with other fish. It is now six years since the first young shad were sent out from the East. Since that time 1,000,000 have been brought over and placed in the waters of the state.—*Sacramento Bee*.

THE FISHERIES—WHAT THE CANADIANS SAY.—In commenting on the fishery question the *Ottawa, Ont., Citizen*, ministerial organ, says: "If it be true that Secretary Everts is going to England to reopen the fishery dispute, we shall find ourselves involved in a very interesting discussion before we are aware of it." We shall have to contend against the traditional weakness of the foreign and colonial office in England on this question, but still not find it so weak as before. We have educated the British authorities on that subject. The value of Sir A. T. Galt in England at such a time as this may be better understood by this time.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The *Sunday Argus* states that the Hon. E. D. Allnut, and all the members of the incoming legislature it has spoken to, favor a larger appropriation to the fish commission; and adds, if game laws could only be passed which would apply to the whole state, Kentucky sportsmen would feel happy. Also, that Prof. Baird sent Mr. Wm. Griffith, the fish commissioner of this state, two cans of European or leather carp, which were placed in the hatching-house for breeding purposes. They averaged about three inches in length.

CARP FOR MICHIGAN.—Prof. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner, on Saturday last, telegraphed to Geo. H. Jerome, Esq., that he would ship from Washington, on Tuesday, Nov. 4, some carp obtained from Germany, for the use of the Michigan Fish Commission. The German carp grows to a considerable size, and will thrive in nearly all kinds of fresh water.—*Niles Republican*.

PROF. JORDAN.—We noticed this gentleman's appointment to the Pacific Coast last week, on the labors of the census and the U. S. Fish Commission. He has a leave of absence from the University of Indiana for nine months. Mr. Charles H. Gilbert will assist him. He left for San Diego on the 20th inst.

A PROFESSOR OF FISHCULTURE.—The *Fischeri Zeitung* tells us that in the Academy of Forestry, in Tharand there is a teacher of fishculture; Professor Dr. Krutzsch fills the chair. He received a thousand of the eggs of *Oncorhynchus quinnat* recently sent over by Professor Baird.

SAFE ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EGGS.—The 100,000 eggs of California salmon sent by the United States Fish Commission to the Deutsche Fischeri Verein, by Steamer Mosel, Oct. 18, have arrived in good order. They were put in refrigerator boxes at Newark, N. J.

GROWTH OF CARP.—The carp in the national ponds originally came from Germany. They are in charge of Dr. Hessel, who has had much experience in that country and he says that the young fish hatched here make more rapid growth than in Germany.

CLAMS.—The early frosts have pinched the new growth so that only half a crop is expected on Long Island next year. At Nantucket the vines are killed and clam growers are in despair.

HORSE OPERA.—The stage and seats have been taken out of the New York aquarium and Coup's celebrated "broncho horses" are now performing there.

CUM GRANO SALIS.—Some of the cod-fish balls served in boarding houses make you think that you are really out at sea.

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1879.

FIELD TRIALS.

Eastern Field Trials Club, Robins Island, Long Island. Jacob Pentz, Sec'y, *Turf, Field and Farm*, N.Y.

The Bedlington Terrier.

The Bedlington terrier had a hard struggle to obtain from dog show committees that recognition to which he is so well entitled. He has, however, now gained his true position among modern terriers, and there are very few schedules issued that do not provide prizes for this breed.

As will be seen from the statements of the writers I quote, the Bedlington has long been a distinct breed, the strain from which the modern specimens have sprung having been peculiar to the district for at least thirty years before the name Bedlington was applied to them, the first dog so called being Mr. Ainsley's Young Piper, whelped about the year 1825.

The following, which appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, 24th July, 1872, gives a fair statement of facts respecting this breed, and is valuable as embodying the opinions of the late Mr. Thomas John Pickett, well known to exhibitors generally under his sobriquet of the Duke of Bedlington—a title earned by his great success as a breeder and exhibitor of these terriers:—"Of the breed of dogs for which this locality is noted, none has caused so much controversy as the Bedlington terrier, who is, I believe, the last new-comer amongst recognized breeds exhibited at the shows. Indeed, a furious controversy has been raging as to whether the strain is deserving of recognition as a fixed and well-defined breed at all, and some of our South country friends have made fun of the question 'What is a Bedlington terrier?' To this query the best answer that can be given is that furnished by perhaps the most successful exhibitor of the present day, Thomas John Pickett, of Grey street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who says: 'The Bedlington is a light-made, wiry dog, with a bright, alert bearing, and whose cut and demeanor is indicative of fire and resolution. The head should be high and rather narrow, and when looked at from behind should be almost wedge-shaped; it should be surmounted with a fine silky tuft, and this with the

ears and tail should, in the blue sort, be of a much darker shade of color than the body. The eyes should be small and a little sunken, and the jaw long, quickly tapering and muscular. The ears should be long, should hang close to the cheek, and should be slightly feathered at the tip, whilst the neck should be long and muscular, and should rise well away from widely-set shoulder blades. The legs should be rather high, and should be straight, hard and sinewy. The body should be compact and well formed. The tail should be small, from 8 in. to 12 in. long, and slightly feathered. The coat should be rather wiry, and the color black-black, sandy or liver. The dark blue dogs should have black noses; the liver or sandy are most approved of with flesh or cherry-colored noses, but I would not object to a sandy dog with a black nose if from the blue strain. Although the Bedlington terrier is only a new-comer, I think he has a great future before him with regard to popularity and esteem. The breed can well afford to depend upon its merits to push its way to the front, and the more well-bred specimens get spread about in the greater demand will the dog most assuredly be. The Bedlington, I take it, is a farmer's friend, or a country gentleman's companion. No breed of terrier can compare with him for stamina, fire, courage, and resolution. He will knock about all day with his master, busy as a bee at foxes, rabbits, or otters; and at night, when any other sort of dog would be stiff, sore, and utterly jaded, he will turn up bright as a new shilling, and ready for any game going. He takes to the water readily, has a capital nose, is most intelligent and lively, and, as I have said, as a rough-and-ready friend about the fields and woods he has no equal. Despite the vast bodies of evidence adduced to clear up the question of the origin of this cross, I hold that the matter may yet be regarded as by no means satisfactorily determined. I have seen pedigrees of crack dogs of the breed extending over a period of 100 years, but then one has no means of knowing what the dog was like whose name we see figuring as having lived in the last century. No doubt some famous dogs of the breed of old Northumberland terriers were long ago located about Thropton, Rothbury, Felton, and Alnwick, and it is not at all unlikely that the Staffordshire nail-makers, who, some eighty or ninety years ago, were brought down from the South and employed at Bedlington, crossed the pure-bred native terrier with some of the stock they brought with them, having, probably, fighting purposes in view. But it does not matter how this clever and undoubtedly useful race has been produced; it is sufficient to know that we have it, and that it is as permanent and breeds as truly as any other cross we know of. At the same time, if the Staffordshire nailmakers made the cross with the intention of breeding a fighting animal, they failed, so far as raising up an antagonist to the bull-terrier is concerned. The Bedlington is as tenacious, as resolute, and as indifferent to rough usage as the professional gladiator he was pitted against; but he lacks the formidable jaw and the immense power of the bull-terrier, and the combat is emphatically no part of his business. The first show of Bedlingtons I can call to mind was got up by Henry Wardle, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a good judge, and an ardent admirer of the canine species. That show took place on 12th April, 1870, and the first prize was won by Thomas John Pickett, with Tip, a thorough game one, but I thought he had a dash of bull in him. I would like to do justice to the ability and care displayed in those early show days of the Bedlington by Thomas Thompson, of Wideopen, and Joseph Ainsley, of Bedlington, who stood foremost as reliable judges of the strain, and as acknowledged depositories of almost all that was known concerning it, but I have not space at command to enter into the intricacies of pedigrees, and I must hasten on to mention two or three of the most famous prize takers of the race. Mr. Pickett, who has bred Bedlingtons since 1844, has now three champions, who will often be referred to by breeders in after times, namely, Tear'em, Tyne and Tyneside, all descended from Thomas Thompson's strain, and inheriting pedigrees of portentous length. Tyne was first shown at the Crystal Palace show in 1870, and went from thence to Birmingham, where she was again not noticed; she was then sent to Manchester, but from some mistake of the railway servants, was never taken out of her hamper. At Liverpool, to which show she was sent on, a similar mistake occurred; but the committee of the show becoming aware of the fact, sent Mr. P. a special prize. Despite this series of rebuffs, Mr. Pickett forwarded Tyne to the Glasgow show, when the judges pronounced her not to be a Bedlington at all. The *Scotsman* of 2d March, 1872, however, in its notice of the show, remarked that she was by a very long way the best in the class in which she was exhibited. This was a case of doctors differing with a vengeance, and Tyne managed to stultify the Glasgow decision by making a round of brilliant victories at York, Kendal, Bedlington, Blaydon, Seaton Burn, and other district shows, and won twice at Durham—viz., in 1870 and 1871—finally visiting the great Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1872, and taking first prize in her class, which the *Times* of 2d June, 1872, described as the best collection of Bedlingtons ever exhibited at any show. Tear'em is the hero of the original show at Bedlington, in 1870, where, in a class of fifty-two competitors—a number that has never been exceeded since—he was awarded first prize. Tyneside, a beautiful blue bitch, faultless in shape, coat, and color, was placed first in a class of twenty-five at Bedlington in 1871; but in the Bedlington show of 1872, this distinguished branch of the family obtained its greatest triumph—Tyne (own sister to Tear'em) being placed first, with Tear'em second, and Tyneside third, in a class of twenty-three entries. I have been supplied with a pedigree of Tyneside for six generations back, but the limited space at my disposal prevents me giving it here. It may, however, be stated that she is inbred to a most curious extent, the name of Hutchinson's Tip occurring no less than five times in the course of her pedigree, while on the part of both sire and dam she is descended from such grand dogs as Bagille's Piper, Thompson's Jean, Burn's Twig, Jos. Shevill's Jean, Thompson's Boa Alley Tip, and Bagille's Nimble, etc. The dimensions of Tyneside are as follows: From lugs to tip of nose, 8 inches; length of tail, 11½ inches; length of lugs, 5½ inches; breadth (tapering off in a filbert shape), 3 inches; height from the claw to the shoulder-blade, 14½ inches; weight, 20 pounds; size round the chest, 19½ inches, and fore arm, 7½ inches. So much for the Bedlingtons, and in taking leave of the race I may mention that most of them known to me are terribly inbred, and that the usual consequences often follow; also that many of them exhale an odor, which, to say the least of it, is peculiar.

The following quotation from a letter on the subject, by Mr. W. J. Donkin, secretary of the Bedlington Terrier Club, is in some points confirmatory of the above, and throws some additional light on the history of the breed. He says: "During the first quarter of the present century, Mr. Edward Donkin, of Flotterton—still dear to the old sportsmen of Coquetdale by the familiar sobriquet of 'Hunting Ned'—hunted a pack of foxhounds well known in the Rothbury district. At that time he possessed two very celebrated kennel terriers, called Peachum and Pincher. A colony of sporting nailors from Staffordshire then flourished at Bedlington (a village situated about twelve miles north from Newcastle), who were noted for their plucky breed of terriers. But reform was at hand, and the old favorites were obliged to make way for new blood. To Joseph Ainsley, a mason by trade, belongs this honor. He purchased a dog named Peachum from Mr. Cowen, of Rock Law, and the result of a union of this dog with Mr. Christopher Dixon's Phoebe,

of Longhonsley, was Piper, belonging to James Anderson, of Rothbury Forest. Piper was a dog of slender build, about 15 in. high, and 15 lbs. weight. He was of a liver color, the hair being a sort of hard woolly lint, his ears were large, hung close to his cheeks, and were slightly feathered at the tip. In the year 1820, Mr. Howe, of Alnwick, visited a friend at Bedlington, and brought with him a terrier bitch named Phoebe, which he left with Mr. Edward Coates, of the Vicarage. Phoebe belonged to Mr. Andrew Riddle, of Framlington, who subsequently made a present of her to Ainsley; but from the fact of her home being at the Vicarage she was generally known as Coates' Phoebe. Her color was black, with sort of branded legs, and she had a light colored tuft of hair on her head. She was about 13 in. high and weighed 14 lbs. In 1825 she was mated with Anderson's Piper, and the fruit of this union was the Bedlington terrier in question, Mr. Ainsley being the first to claim that title for his dog Piper. Of the sagacity and courage of Piper, one of their offspring, a volume might be written.

The Bedlington terrier is fast, and whether on land or water is equally at home. In appetite these dogs are dainty, and they seldom fatten, but experience has shown them to be wiry, enduring, and in courage equal to the bulldog. They will face almost anything, and some queer stories could be told about them; they will seize a burning paper, and Mr. Thomas Wheatley, of Newcastle, had a dog that carried a red-hot poker in its mouth, the mouth after having much the same smell as when putting a new shoe on a horse's foot. The dog mentioned was a very little one, and was greatly in-bred. To their other good qualities may be added their marked intelligence and hostility to vermin of all kinds. They will encounter the otter, fox or badger with the greatest determination."

The same writer, I may observe, in common with most fanciers of the breed, claims for them a pedigree going back to 1793; but it is quite clear from above statement that an admixture of terrier blood from Staffordshire was introduced, and the color of the Alnwick bitch bred from by Ainsley goes to show she was not in that point, at least, what we now recognize a Bedlington to be. The evidence, written and traditional, is, however, conclusive that a terrier of a distinct type had, prior to that, been recognized as peculiar to the district, and the infusion of a strain of foreign blood, although it might modify, would probably not greatly alter, the original type. In respect to the character of the Bedlington, I have been converted from a prejudice against him to a very strong feeling in his favor, and that by fairly studying the breed and finding that two, the only dogs of the breed I have owned, were all their most ardent admirers claim for them. I have found them easily kept under command, a remarkably lively and cheerful dog, with plenty of "go" in them, capital at vermin, showing plenty of courage and bottom, receiving punishment in silence and returning it with interest. Handsome I cannot say I think them, but they possess a style and are stamped with character which removes them from any suspicion of mongrelism. I have found them first-class water dogs and most intelligent, obedient, and useful as house guards and companions. In none of the specimens I have had to do with have I observed the disagreeable odor referred to by the writer in the "Newcastle Chronicle" quoted above.

In general appearance the Bedlington is somewhat leggy and flat-sided, but useful, active and hardy looking. It is a practice very commonly indulged in to pluck the hair from the face and muzzle, dogs thus trained looking cleaner and longer in the jaw. This is so commonly done that it seems to be accepted by judges as a matter of course; but it is better to discountenance faking, even in its mildest forms, and I think a trimmed dog should be penalized. The tail often comes in for a share of the faker's art.

The following are the points adopted by the Bedlington Terrier Club. I must say I do not think the comparison of the Bedlington's head to that of a ferret a correct or happy one; in other respects the description may be accepted as authoritative.

POINTS OF THE BEDLINGTON.

Head.—The head rather resembles the ferret, and, though wedge-shaped, like most terriers, should be shorter in the skull and longer in the jaw, and narrow or lean-muzzled; it should be a narrow, high skull, coned or peaked at the occiput, and taper away sharply to the nose.

Ears.—They should be filbert-shaped, lie close to the cheek, and set on low, like a Dandie, thus leaving the head clear and flat, and the ears should be feathered at the tips.

Eyes.—In blue, or blue and tan, the eyes have an amber shade; in livers, etc., it is much lighter, and is commonly called the "hazel eye." It should be small, well sunk into the head, and placed very close together; very piercing when roused.

Jaw and Teeth.—The jaw should be long, lean, and powerful. Most of these dogs are a little "shot" at the upper jaw, and are often termed "pig-jawed." Many prefer what is called "pincher-jaw," that is, the teeth should meet evenly together, but it is not very often they are found that way; the teeth should be large, regular, and white.

Nose.—The nose or nostrils should be large, and stand out prominently from the jaw. Blue or blue and tans have black noses, and livers, etc., red or flesh-colored noses.

Neck and Shoulders.—The neck long and muscular, rising gradually from the shoulders to the head. The shoulder is flat and light, and set much like the greyhound's. The height at the shoulder is less than at the haunch. More or less this is the case with all dogs, but is very pronounced with this breed, especially in bitches.

Body, Ribs, Back, Loins, Quarters, and Chest.—A moderately long body, rather flat ribs, short straight back, slightly arched tight and muscular loins, just a little "clicked" up in the flank, fully developed quarters, wide and deep chest; the whole showing a fine muscular development.

Legs and Feet.—Legs perfectly straight, and moderately long; the feet should be rather large, that is a distinguishing mark of the breed; long claws are also admired.

Coat.—This is the principal point on which fanciers differ; some prefer a hard wiry coat, which several of the south-country judges "go in" for, but the proper hair of these dogs is linty or woolly, with a very slight sprinkling of wire hairs, and this is still the fancy of the majority of the north-country breeders.

Color.—The original colors of this breed of dogs were blue and tan, livers, and sandies, and these are still the favorite colors of the old breeders. The tan of these dogs is of a pale color, and differs greatly from the tan of the black and tan English terriers, and the blues should be a proper blue linty, not nearly black, which is sometimes seen now. In all colors the crown of the head should be linty or nearly white, otherwise white is objectionable.

Tail.—The tail should be of moderate length (eight inches to ten inches), either straight or slightly curved, carried low, and feathered underneath. The tail should by no means be curled or carried high on the back.

Weight.—The weight of these dogs varies greatly, but the average is from eighteen pounds to twenty-three pounds, or at outside about twenty-five pounds weight.

The following are weights and measurements of several good specimens of the breed:

Mr. R. L. Batty's Matt (K.C.S.B., 5350): Age, 7 years 5 months; weight, 21 lbs.; height at shoulder, 14½ in.; length from

nose to set on of tail, 30½ in.; length of tail, 10½ in.; girth of chest, 19½ in.; girth of loin, 15 in.; girth of head, 11 in.; girth of arm 1 in. above elbow, 6½ in.; girth of leg 1 in. below elbow, 5 in.; length of head from occiput to tip of nose, 8½ in.; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 6½ in.; color and markings, dark liver, with wiry coat and light linty crown.

Mr. R. L. Batty's Young Topay (K.C.S.B., 6682): Age, 4 years 11 months; weight, 21 lbs.; height at shoulder, 14½ in.; length from nose to set on of tail, 30½ in.; length of tail, 11 in.; girth of chest, 19 in.; girth of loin, 14 in.; girth of head, 11 in.; girth of arm 1 in. above elbow, 5½ in.; girth of leg 1 in. below elbow, 4½ in.; length of head from occiput to tip of nose, 8½ in.; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 6 in.; color and markings, sandy or light liver.

Mr. John Parker's Tyneside II.: Age, 2 years 9 months; weight, 22 lbs.; height at shoulder, 14½ in.; length from nose to set on of tail, 31½ in.; length of tail, 11 in.; girth of chest, 19½ in.; girth of loin, 15 in.; girth of head, 12 in.; girth of arm 1 in. above elbow, 7½ in.; girth of leg 1 in. below elbow, 5½ in.; length of head from occiput to tip of nose, 8½ in.; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 7 in.; color and markings, blue.—CONSINCOX, in Country.

Cows' Milk for Puppies.

We have at different times stated that fresh cows' milk produced worms in puppies, a statement made not from conjecture, but from absolute experience, having at different times experimented, until so thoroughly satisfied that we would be almost willing to guarantee to produce worms, by feeding with fresh cows' milk, in a puppy apparently free from them at the time of commencing the use of the milk.

During the field trials at Patoka, in conversation with Mr. Theodore Morford, who has had as much experience in breeding as any man in America, among other subjects that of feeding puppies with fresh cows' milk came up, when we found Mr. Morford's experience was that fresh cows' milk produced worms in puppies. Others to whose attention we had brought the subject, and who have carefully noted the results, inform us that their experience is the same. To the contrary we have Mr. D. C. Sanborn's statement that he has never observed any injurious results from its use.

A Mr. J. Isaacs, of Cotton Place, Bury St. Edmunds, writes to our English contemporary, the *Live Stock Journal*:

"I freely give my experience, having bred dogs for many years, and lost many scores through, I consider, giving cows' milk: 75 per cent. of what I bred died from worms, proved by dissection after death. I tried almost every remedy; very few puppies could be induced to pass a second dose of medicine through them, or even one dose. I also took every precaution by having the kennels frequently whitewashed with hot lime and carbolic acid, but all to no avail, while I continued to give cows' milk. I was therefore induced to try the milk of goats, which proved so successful that this year I have bred more than fifty puppies, which are now from four months to nine months old, and not one of them has shown signs of, or is troubled with, worms. I now keep a small herd of goats, which are milked twice a day, and the milk given to the puppies hot from the goats up to four months old. They do not know the taste of water, and almost every day from a month old they have a meal of raw flesh. A healthier lot of puppies would be difficult to find."

The subject is one of great importance, and we would, therefore, like to have the experience of our breeders. We believe we have been as successful as a breeder could possibly have been in raising puppies; indeed, all who have seen those we have raised, have declared them to be in the best condition of any puppies they had seen, and among those who so expressed themselves are many who have bred largely. When we have squared up our delinquent subscribers, and consequently have more time, we shall give for the benefit of our readers, our system of feeding; but we can now say we never feed with fresh cows' milk.

Seasonable Notes.

Wash dogs only on a sunny, or at least a dry day, and give a long run afterward. Once a fortnight is often enough to wash, but groom at least once a day. We greatly like the patent Ashworth metallic brush. Rough towels should be used on the dog's coat after washing, then the grooming should be performed, with or without a little hair-oil. After it is all over, feed; not before.

We often hear of many cases of distemper among dogs that have been recently exhibited. We ourselves have frequently seen unmistakable cases of this terrible fever on the benches, and we think even in cases that simulate the disorder the veterinary inspector should give the public the benefit of the doubt, and at least place the suspected animal on a quarantine bench, if he did not care to refuse it an entrance.

We have once more to call attention to the indiscriminate administration of tonics. People who keep dogs usually think that any time their animals are low and a little out of sorts they can be pulled together again by the use of tonics, whereas, when there is any irritation of the mucous membrane of an acute or even subacute character, tonics do positive harm. Small doses of rhubarb, from two to five grains, with from three to ten grains of the trisulphate of bismuth, given twice a day, is a capital medicine for getting the secretions in order. After a week of this you may add a little quinine, from a quarter to two grains.

The weather is now sensibly colder, and when it is necessary to give dogs aperients, the milder kinds should be administered, and not those that lower the animal heat. Castor oil with buckthorn syrup is, therefore, to be preferred to Glauber or Epsom salts or Pullina water, all of which are better suited for Summer. Rhubarb, either in powder or extract, is a nice warm aperient. Dogs that are at all weakly in constitution should have as little opening medicine as possible; their bowels may be kept free with a due admixture of boiled liver and green vegetables. Parsnips can be had cheap in country places, and they are very good indeed for dogs.

Take the very greatest care of puppies now, for the weather is very trying. They cannot have too much bedding, nor too much exercise when it is dry weather. Their coats should also be attended to. Kennels ought to be kept clean, but as dry as possible, and every inmate of the kennel should be dandy-brushed every morning, those with long coats being also combed. The healthiest puppies, and those likely to make the finest dogs, are those that are best fed, warmly housed, groomed, and kept amused. A puppy when not asleep (which he ought to be very often), should be romping, and never out of mischief. Boil everything you give them, and they will not be troubled with worms.—X. PARRENCE, in *Live Stock Journal*.

How to Cure Warts.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I am very often asked by my friends for advice to cure warts on dogs, and as I have had many opportunities in my own kennel to experiment, I give

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

here the different methods of relieving the poor dog so afflicted.

Warts generally have their seat in the dog's mouth, or on the lips, grow to considerable size, and not only detract from the dog's beauty, but deform the muzzle; besides they are painful, as the dog keeps his mouth open. I used all caustics, commencing with lunar caustic, and ending with nitric acid, without any success; had recourse to the juice of onions, only to find on next morning, instead of twenty, thirty warts, in and around the mouth, as they multiply and grow as fast as potatoes in field.

Becoming satisfied that no caustic would help, and being determined to find some other means to success, I came to the conclusion to use an instrument, and as such I used scissors. I found the method very good. They must not be large, yet strong, blunt (round) pointed and sharp. As soon as a wart is cut, touch the bleeding spot with a small sponge tied on a piece of wood, saturated in very strong solution of nitrate of silver (say 2 drams to 1 ounce of water); this will stop the bleeding, and kill the root of the wart.

The only objection I found to using scissors, is the bleeding which generally attends it, and to overcome this, I used lately (at the suggestion of our friend, Dr. N. C. Washington, a thorough sportsman) a little instrument with the best success, which is used in aural surgery for cutting polyp, hence the name, "polypus snare," which can be bought of any dealer in surgical instruments, who will explain to you the modus operandi of it.

The most popular polypus snare is either Wilde's or Blake's. However I prefer the last-named for the above purpose. By using this instrument the greatest care should be taken in the selection of a wire, for, if too thin or rusty, it will break, which is very provoking. I used silver wire at twenty-five cents a yard.

Being provided with the above, take a friend in your kennel, to hold the dog's head, put the snare around the wart, and with steady pressure with your finger toward your thumb cut the wart, one after the other. Touch each one after cut with lunar caustic. Have a lead pencil, or something pointed, to open the snare after each cut. If this work is performed carefully, it will be a positive cure.

CHAS. I. ENGEL.

Treatment of Spinal Meningitis.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—A short time ago a finely-bred dog of mine was attacked with that very alarming trouble called "spinal meningitis;" he was thoroughly paralyzed below the waist.

I first discovered it in the morning when I opened the door to let him out; he crept out very slowly, and returned dragging himself along with his fore legs, his hind parts dragging, and absolutely powerless. I immediately set out to the office of my family physician, A. E. Sumner, M. D., one of our best homoeopathic practitioners, one whom I have often consulted when in trouble of any kind for the family, and also in case of trouble with my horses or dogs. I have never found him wanting in any case I have ever brought to his attention; he said, all right. Dick will bring him out O. K., and he did.

It took three days and nights watching and attention to bring him out right, and we had to give him his medicine every hour for the first two days, and every two hours for the last and third day. During the time we gave him a little milk, and occasionally some bread soaked in the milk, and a not very copious injection of soap suds. Now, I wish you to publish for the information of dog owners the remedies I used, as I now give them to you. They can be got at homoeopathic pharmacy.

Powders, No. 1.—Cannabis Indica, 1.100.

Powders, No. 2.—Cuprum Aceticum 1-100, 3 parts; Codein 1-10 (of one the salts of opium) 1 part.

Dose:—Four (4) grains, given every hour in alternation, until the animal is relieved and better; then every two (2) hours till the animal is apparently about well, then two (2) powders, or, rather doses of each powder per day for two (2) days, when he will be entirely well. Taking care if the dog is asleep, not to awaken him to give the medicine.

My dog's was a very severe case, and he came out of it without much loss of strength or appetite, and he is now as well as he ever was in his life.

RICHARD B. HALL.

P. S.—Can furnish if you desire a grand cure for colic and inflammation of the bowels.

We would like to have it.—[Ed.]

Recent Importations.

"CHANG."—Mr. James Moore, of the Toledo Kennel Club, received Dec. 1, from England, by steamer City of Chester, the Gordon setter dog "Chang," bought of Mr. T. A. Negus Lynn, Walsall, through the agency of Mr. C. T. Fauntleroy. "Chang" is not yet three years old, has been shown but twice, and won each time. He is a large and very handsome dog, with perfect tan markings, clear, and not mixed with black or white. His coat is fine and glossy. He is said not to be inferior to Champion Grouse, owned by the same club. He will be offered in the stud with Grouse. Chang is the fourth Gordon setter imported during the year by Mr. Moore, all of which are fine animals, and are winners, and broken for the field. Chang combines in his pedigree the very best Gordon setter blood known, among which are many noted winners on the bench and at field trials. The following is his pedigree in brief: Chang (8281 E. K. C. S. B.); breeder, H. Bramwell; whelped January, 1877, by Rocket (late Piper) out of a pure-bred bitch, the property of breeder; Rocket is out of Juno, half-sister to Norah (1670), Juno by Rex (1617), out of Champion Duchess; she by Sir Rivett's Ned (1608) out of Bradford's Stella, by Lord Chesterfield's Regent, bought of the Duke of Gordon, by Regent, out of Ellen. Rex by Old Kent (1600), out of Regent (1675), Rex was winner of two first prizes at field trials—Stafford, 1806, and first prize in the Shrewsbury stakes for all aged setters, 1868.

COUNT ROCKET.—The Montview Kennel, a few days prior to the National American Kennel Club's Inaugural trials, received from England the Llewellyn setter dog Count Rocket. Count Rocket is a lemon belton, was whelped July 1, 1878, and was bred by Mr. Llewellyn. He is by Count Wind'em and out of Norna, and is litter brother to Countess Rose, winner of third prize in the last Field Trial Derby, and to Count Fred, winner of the Puppy Stake at the recent Patoka trials. Mr. Dew considers him, next to his sire, the handsomest dog he has ever seen. He tried very hard to buy him when in England, and it was not until after his return home that Mr. Llewellyn was induced to sell him.

COUNT DAN, ETC.—Mr. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., has purchased, by cable, from Mr. Thomas Cunningham, Ferry House, Brentford, England, the Llewellyn setters Count Dan (Dan—Countess). Rhoderick, litter brother to Count Wind'em (Count Dick—Phantom) and Norna (Dan—Nellie), recently advertised in our columns. They will be immediately shipped to Mr. Moore.

KEAWICK.—The St. Louis Kennel Club have purchased from Mr. George Pilkington the pointer bitch Keawick, by Faust out of a full sister to Jaunty, for £100. Keawick will be bred to Garnet before being shipped.

LEDA.—Mr. C. B. Whitford, of the St. Louis Kennel Club, has purchased from Mr. Llewellyn champion Leda, sister to Leice-ter and Lincoln, by Dan out of Lill II. Leda a short time since whelped a very fine litter to Dash II. Before shipped to Mr. Whitford she will be again bred to Dash II.

MR. L. H. SMITH.—St. Louis, Mo.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—In no spirit of flattery to Mr. L. H. Smith, nor of disparagement to owners of fine dogs generally do I desire to call the attention of your readers to Mr. Smith's record, but because I think he deserves the thanks of all American sportsmen. He was one of the first to import fine dogs from England and to bring them prominently forward to our notice. He has been one of the most successful breeders in America. His dogs and their progeny have been shown on the benches of nearly, if not all, the shows held in the United States. He has attended in person all the important shows, always having something from his kennel with him. Year after year he has been to the Tennessee Field Trials, and this year to the National American Kennel Club Trials, and each time with a string of his dogs. He has demonstrated to us that bench show dogs can be fielders as well. Living as he does, in Canada, it has been no small matter to him to come with his dogs to our American shows and trials, but he has always come cheerfully. In a word he has done everything in his power to elevate—not degrade—dog ownership; and to him is certainly due much of the rapidly increasing favor in which canine matters are held. We can't have too many L. H. Smiths among us. JUSTICE.

MASTIFFS AS GUARDS.—A correspondent writes to an English exchange: "I wish to ask your correspondents whether there must not always be some risk of a dog not having a sufficient amount of instinct, or understanding, to distinguish between friends and foes. In the life of the late Charles Dickens, it is stated that he possessed a dog, which was a cross between the large mastiff (or St. Bernard), brought by the late Albert Smith from Switzerland, and a bloodhound. The cross-bred dog referred to, was considered to be a protection from tramps, but on one occasion he attacked a maid-servant, and nearly killed her. Soon after that, the dog was destroyed by the orders of its owner. About two or three years ago, an account was given in the newspapers of a lady having walked out accompanied by two mastiffs (or St. Bernards), and the dogs suddenly rushed upon a postman. The more the lady endeavored to call them off, the more fiercely they attacked the man."

MR. SANBORN TO GUIDO.—Baltimore, Mich.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Occupied with the field trials at Patoka, has prevented me from replying to Guido. I offered him a fair race, which it seems did not suit him. As I break my dogs to work in the field, as a field dog should work, and not for the purpose of pot-hunting, I must decline his offer, as the rules he makes a provision to govern the contest are more suitable to the latter dog than to mine.

D. C. SANBORN.

THE MASSACHUSETTS KENNEL CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, held Dec. 3, 1879, these officers were re-elected for the ensuing year: President, J. Fottler, Jr.; vice-presidents, F. B. Greenough, J. F. Curtis; treasurer, T. T. Sawyer, Jr.; secretary, E. J. Forster.

E. J. FORSTER, Sec'y.

DEMAND FOR LLEWELLYN SETTERS FOR THE KING OF ITALY.—Count Constallange, Equerry to the King of Italy, has applied to Mr. Llewellyn for some young setters. There is no doubt this is only the beginning of a large demand for the Llewellyn setter for the continent of Europe.

Names Claimed.

ST. GEORGE AND PRECIOUS.—Mr. H. B. McComb, Memphis, Tenn., claims the name of St. George for lemon and white pointer dog puppy, by Champion Rush, out of Romp, whelped June 18, 1879, and Precious for liver and white pointer bitch puppy, by Snapshot, out of Rose, whelped June 17, 1879.

BABY, GYPSY, DAN, FRITZ, SLIDE II., PET AND NEGRO.—Mr. J. J. Studor, Fort Wayne, Ind., claims the following names for fox hound whelps by Slide, out of Sing, whelped Sept. 23: Baby and Gypsy for bitches and Dan, Fritz, Slide II., Pet and Negro for dogs.

DANDY.—Tremont House, Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Will you please to claim name Dandy for the handsome little skye terrier, I think, in America. His pedigree is by Champion Dom Pedro, out of Belle's Minnie. By so doing you will greatly favor.

MRS. J. H. MACK.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Mr. George C. Sterling, New York, who recently purchased from Horace Smith, Esq., the setter dog Trump, by Carlowitz, out of Gilt, changes the name of said dog to that of Rockingham.

QUEEN ANNETTE.—Mr. Fred Wood, Chicago, Ill., claims the name of Queen Annette for black, white and tan bitch pup, whelped Aug 18, 1879, by Druid, out of Queen Vic, bred by the Kentucky Kennel Club.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Dr. H. F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y., changes the name of his 1 mou and white pointer bitch puppy by Snapshot out of Orgill's Rose, from Long Island Belle to Little Nell.

TRUE BLUE.—Mr. Washington A. Costar, Flatbush, L. I., claims the name of True Blue, for black, white and tan bitch puppy by Bergund-tal's Rake, out of Phyllis, whelped April 20, 1879.

LANCASTER.—Mr. G. J. Lewis, Boston, Mass., claims the name of Lancaster, for black, white and ticked dog puppy, whelped July 19, 1879, by Dash III., out of Mr. A. M. Tucker's Modjeska.

DOCTOR.—Mr. Wm. H. Gladstone, Boonton, N. J., claims the name of Doctor for his red setter pup whelped in August, 1879, by Dr. Fleet Spler's Romeo, out of Colburn's Fanny.

DASH AND NELL.—Mr. Henry Kroth, St. Louis, Mo., claims the names of Dash and Nell for dog and bitch beagle puppies, sired by Hayes Ringgold, out of Bessie.

CULINA.—Dr. W. W. White, Baltimore, Md., claims the name of Culina for bitch puppy, whelped July, 1879, by Carlowitz, out of Princess Nellie.

BEAU BELLE.—Mr. Charles I. Engel, St. Louis, Mo., claims the name of Beau Belle for his imported pointer bitch, by Price's Champion Bang, out of Zeal.

DUCK II.—Mr. T. W. Werlitz, Hot Springs Ark., claims the name Duck II., for red Irish setter bitch, by Berkley, out of Frost's Kate.

ROWE.—John N. Streeter, M. D., Chicago, Ill., claims the name of Rowe for blue belton puppy, by Dash III., out of Gift.

JESKA.—Mr. Leslie E. Teft, Elgin, Ill., claims the name of Jeska for blue belton bitch puppy by Belton, out of Glenella.

ROLFE.—Mr. Albert Bellenberg, Elgin, Ill., claims the name of Rolfe for blue belton dog puppy by Belton, out of Glenella.

Sales.

MR. MELLVILLE'S PURCHASE, Cincinnati, O.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Mr. James Mellville, of Ironton, O., bought, while in this city, a few days ago, a handsome Irish setter puppy, by Wolf's Scott, out of Moerlein's Jess, better known as Johnston's Jess. The puppy is only one year old, but thoroughly broken, and stands his birds as steady and true as an old dog. Mr. Mellville will shoot ruffed grouse over him the rest of the season, near Ashland, Ky. The dog is a beauty in every respect.

PRIVATE LINBERG.

SWIF, SENIOR, FAIRY AND ROXY.—Mr. S. J. Bestor, Hartford, Conn., has sold the following Cocker spaniels: To Mr. F. F. Pitcher, Claremont, N. H., his celebrated stud dog Snip, consideration, \$100; to Dr. S. Henry Brocken, New Haven, Conn., Senior, by Snip, out of Fairy, consideration, \$50; and to Mr. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., the bitches, Fairy, by Snip, out of Juliette, and Roxy, by Snip, out of Fairy.

DAN, PET, FRITZ, SLIDE AND NEGRO.—Mr. J. J. Studor, Fort Wayne, Ind., has sold the following fox-hound dog whelps, by Slide, out of Sing: To Mr. Fremont Nelson, Newark, Ill.; Dan; to Mr. M. Lotz, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Pet; to Mr. James Loyd, Fritz; to Chas. Studor, St. Henry's, Ohio; Slide II., and to Mr. Joseph Black, same place, Negro.

PEG'S BOY'S GIRL.—The Kentucky Kennel Club, Frankfort, Ky., have purchased the handsome blue belton Llewellyn setter bitch, Peg's Boy's Girl, by Peg's Boy, litter brother to Marchioness Peg, out of Blanche (Leicester—Dart).

RINGOLD—BESSIE WHELP.—Mr. W. D. Hayes, Hastings, Mich., has sold to Mr. Henry Kroth, St. Louis, Mo., a dog and bitch beagle puppies, by Ringgold, out of Bessie.

JOSIE S.—Mr. George Woodruff has sold to Mr. S. A. Kaye, Missouri Kennel, St. Louis, Mo., the black and white setter bitch, Josie S., by Thunder, out of Rhoebe.

A JOHN—BLIX WHELP.—Dr. Thomas, Greenwood, Wis., has sold to Mr. W. S. Bode, Baltimore, Md., a black and white bitch puppy, by John, out of Blix.

A BOW—ZEAL WHELP.—The St. Louis Kennel Club have sold to Dr. Wm. H. Belton, Williams, Colusa Co., Cal., a dog puppy, by champion Bow, out of Zeal.

DUCK II.—Mr. R. H. Frost, Boston, Mass., has sold to Mr. T. W. Werlitz, Hot Springs, Ark., the red Irish setter bitch Duck II., by Berkley, out of Kate.

NELLIE.—The Marshalltown, Ia., Kennel Club have sold to Mr. Oliver, Baltimore, Md., the black setter bitch Nellie.

Visits.

FLOSS—CON.—Buffalo, N. Y.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—On December 6, Mr. J. B. Harrington, bred his liver and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch Floss (imported, Fan—Rake) to Mr. C. Battey's liver and white cocker dog Con (McKoon's Sam—Bailey).

J. B. H.

LOLA MONTEZ—DASH.—Mr. J. D. Ladd's native English setter bitch Lola Montez to Mr. J. N. Patterson's Dash.

BRILLIANT—LORD MONTGOMERY.—Mr. E. A. Gillman's English setter bitch Brilliant to his Lord Montgomery.

DAISEY—LOUËLLO.—The Belle City Kennel's Daisey (Rob Roy—Nell) to their Louello (Rake—Phyllis).

DREAM II.—DON ROYAL.—Mr. Jacob Pentz's orange and white pointer bitch Dream II. to Don Royal.

GIP—SPORT.—Mr. H. Hedeman's imported pointer bitch Gip to Mr. E. F. Mercillott's Sport.

DOTT—SLEAFORD.—Mr. L. D. Gunn's pointer bitch Dott to Sleaford.

SIREN—BERKLEY.—Dr. O. B. Shreve's Siren to champion Berkley.

Whelps.

BESSIE B.—Mr. Henry L. Kinsley's Gordon setter bitch Bessie B. whelped Nov. 24; 11, 7 dogs and 4 bitches, by Toledo Kennel Club's Grouse.

BELLE.—Dr. I. Reilly Bucher's Belle (Sport—Flora) whelped Nov. 16; 7, 3 dogs and 4 bitches, by Mr. Samuel J. Down's Shot (Joe—Belle).

PRINCESS LOUISE.—Mr. Fred Howson's pointer bitch Princess Louise whelped Nov. 29; 7, 6 dogs and 1 bitch, by Young Sensation.

KATE.—Mr. A. C. Waddell's Gordon setter bitch Kate whelped Nov. 26; 12, 5 dogs and 7 bitches.

Deaths.

MAGGIE MAY, LADY MAY AND JACK.—Mr. George Waddington, Geneva, Ia., has lost by distemper, Maggie May and Lady May, by Rob Roy, out of Daisy; also his cocker spaniel Jack.

FOR SALE.—W. T. Irwin, Topeka, Kas., offers for sale Brussels, (Leicester—Dart), Livey, (later to Leicester and Lincoln), Rose, (Rocke—Pickles, sister to Whitman's Flop), and Jenny Lind (Bergundtal's Roke—Fanny).—(Advt.)

Amusements.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—This has been the most brilliant theatrical season known here for many years. At the Masonic Theatre we have had Oates opera troupe, Mehn's operatic combination, two or three minstrel troupes, and next week we are to have Rice's Surprise Party, and the Inimitable Lotta. At the Grand Opera House Haverly's Pinafore Company, Ada Grey, Thompson Bower's Combination, Ford's Juvenile Pinafore, and Buffalo Bill. The business done in most cases was fair, though one or two of the companies were losers by the venture.

CLIMAX.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.—This week, Miss Nelson in her great characters has drawn tremendously at McVicker's. Romeo and Juliet, Twelfth Night, were presented on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday evening, As You Like It. Friday evening, the Hunchback. Saturday, the only matinee. On Saturday evening, Romeo and Juliet, and on next week the first production in Chicago of Cymbeline, with Miss Nelson as Imogen, will take place. She has been remarkably well received.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.—On Monday evening, Dec. 8, the Central Music Hall was formally thrown open to the public. The event was marked by the appearance of the Carlotta Patti Concert Combination, including the distinguished queen of song in her most charming repertoire. Of the company the most prominent are: Henry Ketten, Ernest De Munk, Theo. J. Toedt and Sig. Campi—Calaj. Friday and Saturday matinees.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A deluge of artists, including Harry Woodson, Prof. Rhinehart, Lester and Williams, J. L. Manning, Kearney and Powers, Sam Dearin, Morgan and Mullen, and Minnie Clyde, Carrie Howard, M. A. Jennie Sothorn, and Burton Stanley's Comedy Combination in Don Thompson's comedy of "Flirting." Special matinees on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, and the Juvenile Opera Company in H. M. S. Pinafore.

HAVERLY'S THEATRE.—For one week only, beginning on Monday last, Haverly's New York Juvenile Opera Company, including fifty gifted artists in their charming and delightful entertainments opened to a crowded house. Matinees occurred on Wednesday and Saturday, at half night prices. On Monday, Dec. 15, the Emma Abbott Opera Company will begin an engagement.

HAMLIN'S THEATRE.—On Dec. 8, the Jolly Pathfinders and the Milton Jaepers presented their mirthful, musical extravaganza of "Scraps." It proved a taking attraction for manager Hamlin. The company are individual stars, and their successes lie almost wholly in their acting. They must be seen to be understood.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.—John T. Raymond presented at Hooley's the first of the second week of his present engagement, "My Son," "Risks," and Col. Sellers giving them two evenings each. On Monday evening, Dec. 15, the Lizard Folly Company will appear.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—J. D. Little, in his highly exciting drama of "Roving Jack," or "Saved from the Wreck," is at the Academy this week. His appearance is preceded by a first-class variety performance by specialty artists. They are drawing good houses.

General Notes.

AQUATIC.

CHICAGO YACHT CLUB.—At the fifth annual meeting of the Chicago Yacht Club, held at the Sherman House, on Nov. 25, the following officers were elected: Mr. H. F. Griswold was elected commodore; Mr. George E. Welr, vice-commodore; Mr. J. W. Sayre, rear commodore; Mr. C. E. Kremer, secretary; F. W. S. Brawley, treasurer; Mr. F. B. H. Bo ter, measurer; Messrs. Bar um, Henderson, Skillen, Payne and Kraus, executive committee; Messrs. James J. Wilson, Band, Jacobson, Engert and Ruff, regatta committee.

NOTES.—Hawdon has issued a challenge to row any man in the world, bar Hanlan, for £200 a side, on the Tyne, and take twelve seconds start. The course is to be from Scotswood suspension bridge to the Maunton House, and the race to take place half an hour after high water. The date of the next annual eight-oared race between the Oxford and Cambridge University crews has been fixed for March 30. Frenchy Johnson and his gun in boat are in the South.

BICYCLING.

THE ENGLISH BICYCLISTS.—The visiting Englishmen and their American manager have had a falling out and have not loose from each other. Their present engagement has not been a successful one, owing to a combination of circumstances which were not otherwise controlled. From our latest advices, manager Cotton was heading toward San Francisco, and manager Etherington toward New York. Some strong opinions were freely expressed by both parties in reference to each other. Mack has paid all his bills and is now clear of all single-wheel riders, and will probably so remain until the public are better educated and have a greater desire to see bicycle riding.

KIDNEY-WOOL in hot weather sustains the system and keeps up the strength.—(Advt.)

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1879.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Last Christmas and the year before we presented our readers, on each occasion, with an issue of the CHICAGO FIELD, universally admitted never to have been equaled by any other sportsman's journal in America.

It has been our endeavor to make each issue of the CHICAGO FIELD, at least the equal, if not the superior, of its contemporaries. But at Christmas, when all the good things are circulating, and greetings of good fellowship and tokens of friendship and esteem are passed from one to the other, we have availed ourselves, metaphorically speaking, of the opportunity to give each reader a friendly shake of the hand, present him with a feast of reason, and wish him Godspeed for the year soon to dawn, by giving him an extra good number containing choice contributions from the best of our contributors, and illustrated in the best manner available.

That our efforts have been appreciated by a large majority our subscription list, independent of the complimentary private letters we have received, substantially attest. We wish we could say all our readers, but the truth may as well be told now as at any other time; perhaps a more fitting occasion could not be found. Unfortunately the CHICAGO FIELD is not an exception, not only to journals of its character, but, as we learn from other publishers, other journals, in being cursed—we use the term in its fullest extent, for we can find none other to so fully express our feelings—we say again, in being cursed with subscribers who regard a newspaper bill of no more consequence than so much waste paper, and who never bear in mind the weekly expenditure of brains and money for their benefit. It is true the majority of our subscribers are not of this character, and happily not. But, notwithstanding, they are numerous enough, and we regret to say, among them are those whose only excuse can be indifference and negligence of a matter seeming trivial to them, but of great importance to us, for they should remember that a paper derives its revenue from its subscribers. We have, therefore, determined after our next issue to put into force the *unvarying* rule, which, like the law of the Medes and Persians, altereth not, which will be to stop each subscriber's paper which remains unpaid; so, therefore, let it be distinctly understood that the Christmas number will not be sent to those who are in arrears; and in future each subscriber will be notified four weeks in advance of the expiration of his subscription, which, if not renewed at the time it expires, will be stopped. Intimate friends and those we do not know personally will be treated alike.

Perhaps there is nothing of which its readers know so little, as of the literary labor and money expenditure necessary in the publication of a paper like the CHICAGO FIELD. Great as this labor must necessarily be, under any circumstances, yet a hundred times greater is it made when delinquent subscribers have to be contended with. From the reading of selected articles and communications to see if suitable, and the revision of the latter, to the editorial articles, the proof-reading, and the answers to correspondents, many of which, of perhaps not more than half a dozen lines, but yet requiring many hours to answer intelligently, demand constant and careful attention, for, even an editor, although supposed to be the repository of knowledge of everything, from the manufacture of a pin, the pedigree of every dog and horse in the country, to the solving of the most difficult problem in algebra, is not quite an encyclopedia.

Such duties are legitimate, and are not onerous to us, but when to them is added the annoyance of delinquent subscribers, they do become very arduous, for the reason that the time which is taken from them to drum up such subscribers has to be stolen from the hours other men usually give to recreation and sleep.

It requires one hundred dollars a day to publish the CHICAGO FIELD. The necessity, therefore, for prompt payment by all parties must be apparent to each one: and we wish it understood that the CHICAGO FIELD never lets a bill go unpaid, but on the contrary challenges any paper in America to show less indebtedness. Moreover, the expense of sending bills repeatedly, with our large subscription list, is a serious item in the year. Never more forcibly were we struck with this than when recently looking over the amount of our expenditures for postage during the current year. No more of it; we have had enough of it. Tread on a worm and it will turn, 'tis said, and we feel just like that worm. Henceforth—no cash, no paper.

But what we started out to say, was that this year our Christmas number will as far exceed any previous Christmas issue, as any previous Christmas issue has exceeded our ordinary issues. With each succeeding Christmas, we have promised ourselves the pleasure of presenting to our readers a handsome lithograph in water colors, of some appropriate field scene; but two seasons, we did not feel that we could afford it, and the difficulty of ob-

taining something worth the great expense to be incurred on such a picture, prevented us. Feeling this year a little richer in purse, and the inaugural field trials of the National American Kennel Club presenting the opportunity, we determined to gratify our desire. Accordingly, we contracted with Messrs. Clay & Richmond, of Buffalo, to execute for us in their very best style—and all know the first-class character of their work—a lithograph in water colors, of a shooting scene such as we would furnish them. For the purpose of obtaining such a scene we had Mr. R. A. Green, a rising young artist of this city, and who has devoted much careful study to landscape and animal painting, accompany us to the trials to sketch the winning brace in the Brace stake, and make a picture true to life in every respect regarding the trials. Mr. D. C. Sanborn's brace, Nellie and Dan, having won the stake, were drawn with great care by Mr. Green. Besides the brace of dogs, Nellie pointing and Dan backing, the picture will represent the judges on horseback, Mr. Sanborn in the act of stepping forward to flush the birds pointed, and the spectators in the rear, with a landscape of fitting beauty, and true to nature, for so artistic a picture. It will be in size 16 by 22 inches, will be printed on heavy paper, and will be folded as a supplement, so that it can be framed.

Mr. Green, while at the trials, also sketched the other winners, which we are having engraved to publish in our Christmas issue. Besides these, other illustrations will adorn our pages; and while we have devoted much labor and expense toward the illustrative feature of our Christmas issue, we have not neglected the literary portion of it, which, we believe, will be in every respect quite equal to our previous issues.

But, in conclusion, let it be distinctly understood, that those whose subscriptions are not paid by that date will not receive a copy of that issue.

THE CHICAGO JOCKEY AND TROTTING CLUB.

At the annual meeting of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, the following directors were elected: H. V. Bemis, vice J. H. McAvoy, resigned; J. H. Haverly, vice Col. John W. Conley, resigned; B. H. Campbell, George L. Dunlap, F. H. Winston, and J. H. Sanders, vice Alvin Hulbert, C. A. Snowden, George B. Armstrong, and J. H. Sanders, whose terms of office had expired.

At the directors' meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: The Hon. S. K. Dow, president; B. H. Campbell, vice-president; N. Rowe, secretary; H. V. Bemis, treasurer; J. H. Haverly, general manager; executive committee: S. K. Dow, B. H. Campbell, J. H. Haverly, H. V. Bemis, J. H. Sanders, Washington Hering, and R. J. Smith.

The club will give two running meetings—from June 19 to June 26, and from June 30 to July 5; allowing an interval of three days between the meetings. The premiums will amount to \$23,500, the richest ever offered. The programme will comprise three stakes for 2-year olds, five stakes for 3-year olds, hurdle races, one dash of five furlongs, three dashes of one mile, four dashes of a mile and an eighth, four dashes of a mile and a quarter, four dashes of a mile and a half, one dash of a mile and three-fourths, one dash of two miles, one dash of two and a quarter miles (cup race), one dash of three miles; six races, mile heats, two in three; one race, mile heats, three in five, and one race, two-mile heats, two in three.

The club claim July 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24 for their Summer Trotting Meeting, and have determined to give a live stock show, open to the world, during their Fall Trotting Meeting, the date of which will be announced hereafter. Valuable premiums will be offered and the show will last one week.

The price of membership tickets for the year 1880 was fixed at \$25, the same price as last year.

GAME FISHES.—The "Upland Game Birds of the United States," having met with such substantial appreciation, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, 743 and 745 Broadway, New York, have published the "Game Fishes of the United States," which are rare works of art. They are from paintings by S. A. Kilbourne, and the text by Prof. G. Brown Goode. They are published in ten parts, at \$5 a part, by subscription only, and will comprise: Part I. The Atlantic Salmon, the Eastern Red-speckled Trout; Part II. The Large-mouthed Black Bass, the Spanish Mackerel; Part III. The Striped Bass, or Rock-fish, the Red Snapper; Part IV. The Blue Fish, the Yellow Perch; Part V. The Mackerel, the Squeteague, or Weak Fish; Part VI. The Sea Bass, or Southern Black-fish, the Pompano; Part VII. The Sheepshead, the King-fish; Part VIII. The Lake, or Salmon Trout, the Bonito; Part IX. The Grayling, the Red-fish, or Southern Bass; Part X. The Quinnot, or California Salmon, the Masquallonge; Map showing geographical distribution.

MR. LLOYD PRICE.—We give our readers this issue a portrait of Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price, of Rhilwas, Bala, N. Wales, a gentleman well known to the sportsmen of America. Mr. Price is one of the most prominent gentleman sportsmen in England, and it was through his energy, in a great measure, that field trials were introduced. Mr. Price is the breeder and owner of pointers and setters, on a large scale, among the most prominent of which are the pointer bitch Belle, winner of the Bala Trials in 1873, the setter bitch Queenie, winner of the champion cup, Sleaford Trials 1874, the pointer dog Drake, purchased by him from Mr. Garth in 1874, for, if we remember correctly, \$750; the pointer dog Wagg, the winner of many prizes on the bench, and the pointer puppy, Luck of Eden Hall, a son of Champion Drake and Sir Richard Musgrove's Sal. The portrait we publish is copied from one which appeared in our English cotemporary, the *Live Stock Journal*.

MR. SHIPMAN.—We had the pleasure of a call from Mr. Henry Shipman on Saturday last, who was then on his way to Florida, via New York, where he will spend the winter. From him we learned that Joe, while feeling and showing the wear of old age, has not lost his cunning in the field. This summer Mr. Shipman shot over him, but it will be his last season, as he is now on the retired list. Mr. Shipman is fortunate, however, to have two of Joe's daughters, out of Pass, to whom the old dog has transmitted his good field qualities, and beauty, too, judging from the photographs Mr. Shipman showed us of them.

THE TOLLESTON CLUB.—An entertainment will be held at the Tolleston Club House this day (Saturday, Dec. 13). Conveyances will meet the M. C. R. R. trains leaving Chicago at 4 p. m. on Friday, and 1 p. m. Saturday. As this will be the last party during the term of the present Superintendent, a large attendance of members and their friends is desired. A full supply of pigeons and turkeys will be furnished.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—We regret our inability to be present at the Eastern Field Trials, but having made arrangements, prior to the trials being a settled fact, to be present and report the Joe Jr.—Gladstone match, which is to be run at Florence, Ala., on Monday next, it will be impossible for us to attend them. We shall, however, have a reporter at them. In consequence of Gladstone's disability, owing to his tail being yet in a crippled condition, by the consent of all parties, the time of the race will be reduced from three, to two days. The stake is for five hundred dollars a side.

A BENEDICT.—Mr. George W. Strell, our foreman, tiring of single blessedness, on Thanksgiving Day was united in marriage, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, to Miss Effie C. Carson. Mr. and Mrs. Strell have our best wishes for a long and happy life. If Mr. Strell makes as good a husband as he does a foreman, and we have every reason to believe he will, Mrs. Strell will never have occasion to regret the ceremony which took place Thanksgiving Day, 1879.

"THE COUNTRY."—A few days since we received a notice from the publishers of our late English cotemporary, *The Country*, that the issue of October 4 was the last which would be published. We regret much the death of *The Country*; it was one of our most valued exchanges, and we frequently quoted from its columns. "Coralscon" contributed regularly to it many valuable articles. It deserved a long life instead of death.

ROCK ISLAND GUN CLUB'S SECOND ANNUAL TOURNAMENT.—The Rock Island Gun Club announce their second annual tournament to be held at the Gun Club Park, in East Rock Island, on Dec. 16, 17 and 18. There will be two class shoots each day, and as the veteran Tom Stagg has supplied the club with 3,000 strong birds, an abundance of sport will be had. The programme will be found in the advertising columns.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Remember that the open season on prairie chickens, expired Dec. 1st. Look out for violators of the law. Any one giving us information such as will convict those violating the law, can rest assured of our vigorous prosecution of the offenders.

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1879.

Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association—at call of president

The Mountain Ptarmigan.

BY JAMES DALZIEL DOUGLASS.

Far up on desert mountains lone,
Where all is rock and cold grey stone,
Save where the hard and glist'ning snow
Mocks at the noon sun's fiercest glow:
Where nought of vegetable life
Can bear the elemental strife;
Nor track of foot, nor sound of wing,
The presence tells of living thing;
Where even the blood of him, whose tread
Climbs the scathed mountain's mist-wreathed head,
Bounds through his frame in unweary play.
As if to warn his steps away—
Yet can be found one creature fair,
To mark that breathing life is there!
The Ptarmigan—whose kindred race
On Greenland's icy shores we trace,
Or by that hyperborean bay,
Once hail'd as route to far Cathay—
Loves there to dwell, nor seeks to know
The placid scene outstretch'd below;
Where far beneath her cloud-girt nest
Th' grouse and grey hen seek their rest.
In vain the seasons come and go—
In vain for her the wild-bath's blow—
In vain fair Spring, with flowery grace,
Would lure her from that barren place;
Summer in vain his glory pours,
And Autumn opens his golden stores;
In vain fierce Winter's ruthless gale
Would drive her to the shelter'd vale.
Her love of home these wiles disarm;
For her those deserts have their charms.
Oh! let her there unmolested remain,
Nor grudge her that poor, rude domain!
Rather rejoice that, unlike man,
The lone but lovely Ptarmigan—
Pleased with her scanty mountain fare,
The open skies and ambient air,
Seems to our earth on purpose sent,
An emblem of sublime content,
To show how beauteous lives have thriven
On naught save penury and heaven!

London, Eng.

A Trip on the St. Johns River.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SPORT I ENJOYED, AND THAT OTHERS MAY ENJOY THERE.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

As every sportsman who visits Florida will, of course, visit Jacksonville, and as he may perhaps wish to know something of this, the commercial metropolis of the state, before coming here, I shall give a brief description of it.

It is situated on the St. Johns River, twenty miles from its mouth, and has become in the past few years an important railroad, manufacturing, and commercial center. The Atlantic & Gulf; Jacksonville, Pensacola & Mobile; Florida Central; and the Atlantic, Gulf & West India Transit railroad, all contribute to its prosperity.

It has grown to its present magnitude almost entirely since the war. In 1865 it had a population of only 1,800, and to-day it numbers within its corporate limits nearly 12,000 souls. Much of this growth has occurred even within the past five years, and a majority of the best residences and business blocks have a new and fresh look about them that contributes largely to the beauty and attractiveness of the place. Nearly every yard in the city is ornamented with rich tropical and semi-tropical shrubs and plants. Orange trees are used for shade trees in door yards and along the sidewalks in front. In many places you will see rows of these trees along either side of the street, laden with their rich, golden fruit, tempting you to partake thereof as freely as you would drink water from the public fountain.

The streets are macadamized, so to speak, with oyster shells, reminding one of the vast quantities of this delicious bivalve that are annually taken from the adjacent waters.

The city is illuminated with gas, and water-works are now in process of construction. She has seventeen churches and four school-houses, nearly all built of brick.

The manufacture of lumber is carried on extensively here. There are six large mills in operation, some of them cutting as high as 125,000 feet per day.

There are eight large hotels, several of which are first-class in every particular. The principal business streets present a scene of energy and activity not excelled in any city of this size in the

country. Nearly all the business houses are built of brick and stone, and are furnished with all the modern improvements in architecture. The stocks of goods display taste and judgment in the merchants, and many of the houses do a very large business.

Having taken a hasty look about town, I boarded the good steamer Pastime, and at ten o'clock a. m. of the 16th, we steamed out upon the broad and placid bosom of this, one of the most sublimely beautiful streams in the world. It flows from the mysterious everglades, in the southern portion of the state, some of its tributaries rising near the famous Lake Okeechobee, vast swamps and moasses are drained by these tributaries, imparting to the water of the St. Johns a rich chocolate color. It is one of the few rivers in the world that flow from South to North. From Jacksonville to Palatka, a distance of seventy-five miles, it has an average width of two to four miles, giving it the appearance of a vast lake more than of a river. Above Palatka it narrows rapidly to a width of one to two hundred yards and becomes exceedingly crooked.

The first object of interest after leaving Jacksonville is at Mandarin, twelve miles above, where we were favored with a view of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's Winter residence. Her house is surrounded by a beautiful orange grove and she presents every Northern visitor to Mandarin, with an orange, if the visitor happens to have a dime about his clothes.

Two miles farther up, Orange Park is situated. A large amount of money has been expended here by the owners of the tract of land on which the town is situated, in improving and beautifying it, and as a result a most beautiful picture is presented to the eye of the visitor. Hibernia, Magnolia, Greece, Cove Springs and Picolata are passed in succession. They are all pleasant little villages, but offer very little of real interest beyond their abundant and prolific orange groves. Next comes Palatka, which we reach about dark and where the steamer very wisely stops over night in order to allow the tourist to make the entire trip by daylight.

This is an old town. It was an important military post during the Seminole war. It has 1,100 inhabitants and is a very handsome town. Game is abundant in this vicinity. Deer are killed within five miles of here all through the Winter, and turkeys are found by going a few miles farther. Quail are abundant and alligators are numerous in the river and adjacent lakes and bayous.

On the morning of the 17th the Pastime turned back down the river and we took the "Georgea" for the completion of the trip. At 7 o'clock a. m., we were under way. Capt. Schoonmaker, master of the "Georgea," informed us that we would find plenty of game from here up, so we brought out our guns—Dr. W. his shot gun and I my rifle. We took up our positions on the quarter deck ready for business.

We had gone but a few miles when the ladies, who occupied seats in the pilot-house, shouted, "There's an alligator!" We looked in the direction indicated and there, sure enough, was one of the gigantic saurians lazily swimming across the river, some two hundred yards ahead of the boat. The Capt. said they were wild and that he would not let us come much closer, so I opened fire on him and in quick succession landed three bullets in such close proximity to his eyes that he at once sank out of sight.

A few miles farther up we sighted another lying on a log near the shore, about a hundred and fifty yards away. I adjusted my sights to the distance as nearly as I could estimate it, but distance on the water is very deceptive and my first ball fell a few feet short of him. I elevated a point and the second went a few inches over. I then lowered half a point, and the third went through him just behind the shoulder. Then there was sport! He gave us such a gymnastic exhibition as only a wounded "gator" can give. He first tried to stand on his head, then he tried to stand on his tail. Then apparently tried to turn himself wrong side out. Finally, recovering temporarily from the shock, he reached the water and was lost to our sight forever.

It is a well known fact that the only place to shoot a 'gator and make him lie perfectly still is in the head, but the distance was so great and the speed of the boat so rapid that I could not choose so small a target. If hit in the body he will invariably find the bottom of the deepest water within half a mile before he dies.

If the explosive bullet be used, however, he may be stopped suddenly if hit almost anywhere, and many sportsmen use this effective missile when hunting them. Capt. Schoonmaker gave us some amusing accounts of shots he had witnessed from his boat, where the explosive balls were used. In one instance he said a passenger was shooting a Sharp's rifle and using the explosive ball. He hit a very large gator just back of the ear, and literally lifted the whole top of his head off. In other instances he hit them in various parts of the body, and, as he forcibly described it, "busted them wide open."

During the remainder of the day we had fine sport shooting blue herons, white egrets, blue and white ibises, ducks, cormorants, coot, etc., but owing to the motion of the boat (she made about fifteen miles an hour) I made rather a poor score with the rifle. The Doctor with his shot-gun did much better. Game is very abundant all along the river. We were told by numerous settlers at the various landings above Palatka, and with such candor and earnestness that we were compelled to credit the reports, that the deer actually destroy the crops of corn and "garden truck" to such an extent that the farmers have to hang up white flags and other conspicuous objects in their fields to frighten them away. In some cases they even poison them to save their produce. Most of this damage is of course done at night, but occasionally they come into the fields in daylight. They say no fence will turn a deer; that he will go over a ten-rail fence as easily as over a log. Venison is cheaper all along the river than beef, and there are plenty of "crackers" (native Floridians) who will contract to furnish you any number of deer per week and fulfill their contract to the letter.

If any sportsman wishes to engage in deer hunting all he has to do is to go to Welaka, Norwalk, Mount Royal, Volusia, Blue Springs, or, in fact, almost any of the small landings above Palatka and employ a "cracker" at a dollar a day, who will put him on a run-way and drive the deer to him until his appetite for this kind of sport is appeased. Fire hunting is the most popular method with the natives and the one by which they take most of their venison for market.

About noon on the 17th, we reached Lake George, a beautiful sheet of water through which the river flows. It is twelve miles wide and eighteen miles long. There is an island in the south end of the lake covering eighteen hundred acres, upon which is one of the oldest orange groves in the state. It was planted in 1834. Most of the original trees are still vigorous and healthy, and are bearing full crops of fruit every year. There is a house on the island that was built by John C. Calhoun in about 1835.

About twenty miles above Lake George we find the village of Manhattan, where William Astor has a large orange grove and from whence a railroad is being built across the country to Lake Eustace, the head of navigation of the Oclawaha river. At six o'clock p. m. we reached Lake Monroe, two hundred and twenty-eight miles above Jacksonville, and the head of navigation of the Saint Johns river for large vessels. Small ones have, however, ascended two hundred and seventy-five miles above here.

We staid over night at Sanford, a thriving town on the south shore of the lake, and at six o'clock the next morning we again boarded the "Georgea" to return to Jacksonville. A brisk

"norther" was blowing this morning, accompanied by a cold, driving rain that rendered the cabin far more comfortable than the open deck, so we oiled our guns and laid them away. But time did not drag, for the captain entertained us with many interesting stories of life on the St. Johns. He says he frequently has as many as twenty-five sportsmen on board at once, armed with shot-guns, rifles, revolvers, etc., and that they make sad havoc among the water-fowls, 'gators, etc. That if a bird escapes the fusillade that is opened on him the moment he appears within range, it can be regarded as only a miracle. The 'gators, he told us, fare no better, and hundreds of each are killed every Winter, and still there is no perceptible decrease in their number. Many of the latter are wounded who speedily recover. He thinks there is not an alligator on the river five year old but carries twenty to thirty pounds of lead in his carcass, and he notices that it is very difficult for some of them to swim with even their noses above water, on account of the extra ballast they carry. He told us of one old saurian who lives in and around Lake George, who is nearly thirty feet long, whose back is four feet broad, whose head is as large as a flour barrel, and who when he "bellows," wakes all the natives for miles around. He says he frequently takes in a hog, deer, deerhound or other animal as he attempts to swim across the river, and makes a meal off him.

Under the influence of these stories and other pastimes the time fled rapidly, until at 6 p. m. we again reached Palatka and tied up for the night. Early the next morning we resumed the voyage. From here we had as a fellow passenger the Reverend Dr. Spalding, of Atlanta, Ga., who is an enthusiastic fisherman. He gave us a most humorous account of an experience he had while fishing in Mobile Bay last Summer. He and a friend were fishing for sea trout with excellent success but were greatly annoyed by a large fish that kept breaking their hooks. They procured larger hooks and he broke those. They got the largest tackle dealer had and he broke those with equal facility. Then they went to a blacksmith and had him make some hooks of quarter-inch steel wire. These were too much for him, but he now got away by cutting the line. Then they put on copper wire for leaders and used a small-sized clothes line for the main line, baiting with a large-sized mullet cut in two. This time the Dr. said he fastened him sure and no mistake. He was afraid to risk his strength to hold Mr. Fish so he took a hitch around a convenient pile to let him play. When slightly tamed the Dr. and his friend doubled on the line and hauled in their prize, hand over hand. When landed he proved to be an alligator gar six feet long, and weighing a hundred and sixty pounds. The Doctor said that thereafter whenever he last a hook he at once baited his iron-clad tackle with a large mullet, and brought the intruder to speedy justice. By the time the Doctor had finished his story we were at Focul, where we stopped off and took the train on the St. John's Railway, of Florida, for St. Augustine, where we arrived an hour later.

In a future communication I will give the readers of the CHICAGO FIELD a brief description of this, the most ancient and interesting city on this continent. COQUINA.

Camp Fire Yarns.

BY MNEMOSYNE.

A BIG SARPINT.

In the early days of the Canal, and especially when surveying for the Calumet Feeder, the boys used to have any amount of yarns to spin about the snakes they had killed or seen—seen mostly, and there was scarcely one to be found who had not slain more enemies than Samson and with the same weapon—the jaw if not the bone! Estimated in miles the sarpluts would have circled the earth thousands of times, and piled up would have out-altitude (as Polonius would have said, "That's good," altitude "is good," and we propose to patent it) the Rocky mountains and shut off the sun.

But all were thrown in the shade by a recently imported son of the Emerald Isle—a great double-fisted, "broth or a bye," with as much of brag and as cowardly a heart as ever was permitted to beat in six feet of humanity. Let him tell the story, and killing half a dozen cords of rattlesnakes and moccasins only gave him an appetite for breakfast, and catching black snakes and racers, and braiding them into whip lashes, with a few inches of copper-heads for snappers, the fun he relished above all others.

The boys said nothing, but brains were not idle. They didn't believe much in his boasted bravery, or that of any other when snakes were concerned. So Barney went on with his blowing and frequent tramps over to the "sag" to keep the jug replenished—not for social drinking or love of "bald face"—of course not, but simply to keep off the "ager." "Jug's empty," said Bill W. one semi-moonlit night, "and your turn to get it filled. If you didn't take such devilish big drinks, Barney, we might get a swallow ourselves now and then."

"Me dhrink!" answered the Irishman. "Be me sowl, and it's your lips, Bill, that am glued jist to the ould jug most ov the tolme."

"Hush your blarney, and meander over and back as fast as you can," said Bill, handing over the money.

Nothing loath, Barney started. "With whisky 'at the fore' there was hardly anything he would not have undertaken, for he must have been weaned upon it, and lived continually upon salt cod fish, judging from his chronic thirst.

His road lay through swamp, with reeds as high as his head and dense timber, broken only by a little opening about half a mile from camp—a lonely and ghost-suggestive road at best. But with a "thimbleful jist" at the tavern, any quantity of nips (like those of old Rip Van Winkle, "not to be counted") on the way back, and his full share at camp, the Irishman started merrily and covered the ground at a pace that would have made Weston commit suicide from sheer envy.

Very soon, however, he came tearing back, running as a deer with a panther's claws spurring it onward, and yelling like a hundred loons at every bound.

"Howly Moses! The blessed Virgin preserve me! Oh! Ouch! Oh! Lord!"

"What in thunder is the matter!" demanded Bill, as he burst into camp "bloody with spurring, fiery red with speed."

"The devil! The ould devil! Git all the guns and the pistols and—Oh! howly Saint Patrick, why did I ever lave the blessed ould sod!"

"You've drank up all the whisky and got the jim-jams," said Bill, as the Irishman sank by the campfire, pale with fear and with great drops of sweat rolling down his face.

"Oh! shure and I saw him!" gasped Barney, still trembling violently and looking anxiously around.

"Saw what, you fool?"

"The grandfather ov all the snails!"

"Snakes! I thought you were not afraid of them."

"And it's meself that is n. t. ov the thirty little spalpeens. But this won was a mile long and big round as a barrel, and had a head on him bigger nor a bull dorg, and eyes like two burnin' tar buckets and a tongue as red as blood, and longer nor me arm, and such great teeth! Oh, Lord!"

The boys gathered around in sympathy (?) and after somewhat quieting him, learned that when he got to the little open space he saw a monster serpent partially hanging down from a tree directly in his path and—well he could give no better description than he had already done.

Then some of them took guns and axes and avowed their determination to go and see for themselves. Barney begged them upon his knees not to do so, certain they would be devoured. They promised to be very careful, started, returned in hot haste, looked intensely frightened, and swore they had never seen anything like it before!

"It must have escaped from some show," said Bill W., quietly and with a face as long as the creed, catechism and moral law combined.

"And it will devour us all! Oh! Lord, how I have sinned and—I'll go till confession if I am spared."

Fortunately the next day was the Sabbath and he started early, trudged over the long and weary way to Chicago, and—but what he told will never be known. Yet it must have been dreadful, for before sundown every Irishman from the Summit to Lockport was getting his old shooting iron ready, every woman barricading her shanty door, and every young one kept within for fear of its being gobbled up by the devil that was going around as a rampaging serpent to feast upon Irish bodies and quench its thirst upon Irish blood!

To have gotten one of them to have worked upon the "ould state ditch" would have been an impossibility. The story grew with the telling. Everybody forced to be abroad went armed, and within twenty-four hours a general hunt for the destruction of the monster was talked of.

Bill W.—heard of it. Indeed, a letter came to camp from the "old man," couched in no gentle language, and demanding to know what new deviltry the boys were getting up. He, at least, didn't believe any of the yarns he had heard, and scented a very large mouse—knowing the boys as he did.

"Bill called the boys together, after getting Barney out of hearing, and whispered:

"Our serpent is to be driven out of Eden, and if we wouldn't catch Cain, the sooner it is done the better. I didn't suppose it was going to kick up such a—of a fuss."

That night a length of hose was stripped of the head, formed of a great squash painted and ornamented with bits of grass and red flannel, and quietly drawn back to its customary place, and the hunting party the next day found only the spot where the monster had lain coiled and the track where it had slipped away to parts unknown.

Barney vowed it was owing to his coming with a bottle of holy water, but Bill insisted that if he would let other bottles alone he wouldn't see such big sarpluts in the hereafter. Anyhow it was the first (and last) monster of the kind ever known in the Saugauskee Swamp, and the bragging tongue of Barney was forever silenced—at least regarding snakes.

Game on the Allegheny.

WARREN, PA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—A long time have I been threatening to write you a letter. If you read this to the other end, no doubt you will be glad I waited. The CHICAGO FIELD is growing so much better (if possible) from month to month that I want to tell you so to your face, and not take it back! I read many papers, but none with the genuine pleasure I get from yours, of a cold Winter morning, with my slippered feet on the fender and Nell on the rug by my side. One reward of the faithful editor is to know that his readers appreciate his fidelity. And how can you know unless we tell you? When the CHICAGO FIELD had a new head, I said good for the CHICAGO FIELD—glad the editor don't need a new one. When your report of a field trial comes we read it through and through and can see the dogs ranging and pointing almost as if we had been there. When your gun trial appeared, we all said capital, and how thoughtful of our wants and interests. Now we know what was only conjecture before.

One beauty of the CHICAGO FIELD is the good taste of its printer. No pages are neater or clearer. No advertisements are more artistically set or look better—but this last don't include "Dog Paths to Success." I wish that ill-looking dog would "hie on" and never come back! This good taste is a recommendation not always appreciated. I believe twice the number read advertisements when they show the skill of a master in the art typographical. So give your printers credit for pleasing the eye while you and your able correspondents give us mental profit and pleasure.

I have been not a little interested in the "hold on" and "hold ahead" discussion. Very likely shooters will always differ. Whatever the theory, I take it the practice will be just what suits each man best, and that will be a matter of practical experiment. If a shooter can kill crossing birds by "holding on," he will "hold on." If he can kill by "holding ahead," he will "hold ahead." I can't kill one crossing bird in ten by "holding on." I can kill more than one in ten by "holding ahead." That settles it with me. I am as sure of it as the boy was that his mother's old slipper was the best possible base burner, when coal stoves were discussed.

At the last meeting of the Warren Sportsmen's Club the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President—Myron Waters; vice-presidents—F. H. Rockwell, Dr. J. E. Berkstresser; secretary—E. Cowan; treasurer—Andrew Hertzelt; board of managers—R. K. Russell, Robert Dennison, T. E. Barnes, Andrew Hertzelt, Will Mitchell.

By the way, the history of the club is a good illustration of the way interest in many field sports increases in this neck of timber. What is true of our place is equally true of many others. Four years ago we had no sportsmen's club, and no sportsmen. Only one wing-shot lived in town, and he owned the only breech-loader. Now our club is large and prosperous, and contains many of our shrewdest and most influential business men. It has a fine shooting range, with pigeon traps, a Card glass ball trap, and all necessary fixtures for that sort of dull sport, with a house made to hold them. Of guns, we have, perhaps, as fine a variety as any country place. As I write, I think of four made by Greener (one being a \$300 hammerless gun, lately purchased of Mr. Squires, of New York), three by Scott (one having been made to order and measure this season), four by Remington, four Fox guns, three by Parker Bros., one by Clark & Snider, two by Nichols & Lefever, one by the Colt Company, one by a "gun-maker to the Prince of Wales," whose name I forget, and numerous cheap skull-crackers by makers unknown to this deponent.

Of dogs we have two Dilley pointers, two or three setters from Horace Smith, N. Y., one setter from the kennel of Mr. Charles, of Albany, N. Y.; one setter from the kennel of Mr. Taylor, of Virginia; one setter from Iowa, related to the field trial winner "Black Ned"; one setter from Ohio, and several others raised in this section. So you see we have the tools to work with. But game is scarce. If one man can bag six woodcocks and four grouse in all day he does a big thing to brag of. In this dilemma many of our shooters go abroad. The president of our club owns two plantations in Mississippi and lives there Winters, having shooting enough while our guns are laid aside. Last Spring, Messrs. Rockwell, Lapham, De Silver, and "another boy," wen

to Monroe, Michigan, for a rattle among the ducks and rail. Mr. De Silver went again this Fall. In the Summer nearly the same squad went to Minnesota for chickens. They shot a day of two at Lake City, with S. B. Dilley and the "tight shell" artist, Zimmerman, of St. Paul. Then with Mr. D. and his famous dogs Ranger and Countess, with a young Ranger owned here, they went to Marshall, Minn., on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. Here the weather was hot and the chickens not as plenty as usual, having been destroyed by early rains and lawless pot-hunters. In fact, I believe it always is too hot, or too cold, or too wet, or too dry, or too early, or too late, to get the best shooting. But a bag of 74 to three guns in one day was the best they heard of, and so far ahead of anything in this country that they envied you western shooters, and thought it capital sport. Another one went to Kansas, and reports big bags of ducks, chickens and quails, while Dr. Berkstresser has just returned from quail shooting in Virginia on the invitation of that capital shot and hospitable gentleman, Hon. R. L. Stewart, of Warsaw. And now a proposition is pending to take the controlling shares in a joint stock purchase of a large preserve in Canada, where ducks, woodcocks and grouse do largely congregate, within fifteen hours ride of Warren. You can, therefore, see that we are doing our level best to practice what you preach from week to week.

While our small game is scarce, the deer hunting within forty miles has seldom been better. Last Winter the snow came late. The law closing the open season December 16th, was pretty generally enforced and few were killed, so that this Winter, with good snow, many fine ones are brought in already. The veteran Charlie Jones, of McKean County, who has killed over 3,000 deer in his time, knocked over seven last week. One man in Forest County dropped three without stirring from his tracks. Our register and recorder, Geo. Kinnear, killed three last week near town. Others report many deer and some bears, while others tramp all day without a shot, or a sight or a smell. They don't see where the fun comes in!

And then our fish—I must drop a line for them. Now if the CHICAGO FIELD had less fish and more dog and gun, it would suit me better. But then I realize that at least two of my neighbors would not like it as well. Wherefore I see the need of a doctor of your discrimination to judge just how much horse and how much dog and how much gun and how much fish should be compounded in the weekly doses for all classes of your readers. In Chautauqua Lake, twenty-five miles away, we can hook or spear the finest pickerel in the world. Allegheny River also yields fine bass, salmon and perch in fair quantities, in low water. In the McKean woods east of us are speckled trout in such abundance that C. V. Gillis, of Kane, last season hooked over 3,000. Streams nearer, which were fished out, have been restocked from the state hatchery, and will soon be good again.

Our experiments in procuring quail have not panned out as well as the fish. Two years ago we put out nearly 100 quail, received from the West. A covey or two were seen the following Summer, but none were found to shoot. A year ago last Spring we procured over \$60 worth of Messina quail and placed them on different farms. A few were seen during the following Summer, but none since. Whether they ever nested we know not. It is certain that none returned the second season. From this experience we conclude that if we are to have any sport from introducing quail we must shoot all we buy and wait for the second crop. They may be "migratory quail," but they migrate the wrong way for us.

But what we lack in game in this "neck of timber," we make up in skill and pluck. There is Johnny Graham, of Erie, who smashed 986 glass balls in 1,000 with his new Remington rifle and one eye shut. That's skill. If any Western fellow beats that score, he will try both eyes on him. And there's young Kerstetter, who "tackled" the champion Bogardus at Bradford in a glass ball match. That's pluck. True, he was beaten, but then he showed himself to be a lightning shot and not afraid of the the best, if he is young and inexperienced. He may be a champion yet.

PENN.

A Trip to Westmoreland Co., Va.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I wrote you some time since that I contemplated a visit to Westmoreland Co., Va., and Sunday morning, Nov. 23, found me, in company with Mr. M. and Mr. C., on board of the steamer Mattano, bound for Hollisters. For dogs we had Dash, Rex, Daisy and Mag, setters, and that fast ideal of Guido's, one-third pointer, one-third setter, and the rest plain dog, Nettle. She is one of the very best dogs it has been my lot to shoot over, and her nose is wonderful. Dash is a dog of good experience and has been carefully handled by his owner. Rex is yet a youngster, and is worth his weight in gold. Daisy and Mag are very good hunters when the gun goes off, at other times they are good heel dogs.

The steamer we were on is a very much-worn craft, and needs new engines, new boilers, new wood-work and several other necessities. Her captain was a genial man, and an ardent sportsman, and he made us and our dogs as comfortable as possible.

The trip down was an uneventful one, except that we met our hostess on board and found her a very pleasant lady. Among the other lady passengers was a beautiful brunette, whose beautiful eyes set our hearts to beating. Mr. M. is a great lady's man, and he informed me it was his intention to know the young lady before he left the boat. He interviewed the chambermaid and found out the chambermaid's name, and seeing her leaning back in a large chair he insisted on her accepting his overcoat as a pillow. This led to a conversation, and soon he and the young lady forgot all their surroundings and were absorbed in one another. My own modesty forbade my approaching them to be introduced, so I left them and sought to interest myself by watching the river for ducks. I grieve to say I found very few.

In due course we reached the wharf, and we were almost compelled to take our companion away from his enslaver by bodily force. We found a team waiting for us, into which we stowed our traps, and taking the dogs, we walked up to the house. Mr. M. was silent and depressed, and wanted to watch the fast-disappearing steamer, but Mr. C. and myself each seized an arm and hurried him away, he whispering under his breath, "Fair one, adieu!"

On our way to the house we found a fine covey of quails, but being Sunday, we did not care to shoot at them. When we reached the house we found our host, Mr. Kintz, away, but was expected home on Tuesday. We found his house to be a beautiful place, and the situation almost perfect. The house was one built when thousands of dollars a year were made out of the fishing, and at that time must have cost a good deal of money.

We were introduced to the family and were much pleased. One of the guests was a beautiful young lady from Petersburg, Va. Immediately the fickle Mr. M. deserted the fair one he had met on the boat, and made an attempt to absorb this one. This was entirely too much for human patience to endure, and after a little consultation Mr. C. and I told him we thought his wife and children would miss him sadly while away. He is really a bachelor, but this double attack was too much for him, and we soon found that his fascinations were of no avail, and a clear field was left to Mr. C. and me to amuse Miss Nettle. He swore re-

venge, but we threatened him a worse fate and kept him subdued.

Monday morning found us up early, and ready to shoot our best. The dogs were as delighted as the shooters, and after carefully quartering the ground, Dash commenced reading game. Rex and Nettle were soon helping him, and, after a short time, the birds were found in the edge of a wheat stubble. We thought the picture beautiful. Dash in the lead as stiff and firm as a rock; Rex to his right, and Nettle close behind him, and Mag and Daisy backing from a distance. We flushed the birds and bagged five, two each for Mr. M. and C., and one for me. The birds flew along the edge of a salt marsh, and we had fine sport with them. Rex got a little wild, and I was compelled to give him a warning with a brush. We found birds plentiful, but the country, except a few places, was the hardest country to hunt in I ever saw. Our bag that day was a good one, and we came in at night with our appetites sharpened by the day's work. After rubbing the dogs, and cleaning guns, we were called to an excellent dinner to which we did ample justice. Mr. M. wanted to be very attentive to Miss Nettle, but a warning pressure of his foot under the table made him behave himself, and Mr. C. and I saw that she wanted for nothing.

Tuesday was a repetition of the day before, except that on our return at night we found a charming widow, Mrs. T. and her daughter, as guests at the house. Mr. M. was delighted, and at once made up to her. Somehow, she was a little shy of him. He wondered why, but I had privately informed her that his wife was a most jealous woman, and if she knew of his showing the slightest attention to any other lady, she would make it warm for whoever it might be. We found the widow and her daughter a charming addition to our party, and after the day's tramp we were kindly entertained by all the ladies.

One day's hunt succeeded another, until men and dogs were well tired out. We laid in the blind two mornings, for geese, but only succeeded in killing two swans, both young. The geese and swans at that place are very plentiful, but I have never seen so few ducks on the river as this Fall, and the few that are there are of very poor quality.

The day of our departure came at last and we bade our host and hostess farewell. When it came to say good bye to Miss Nettle we were all more serious than Mr. M., and when he wanted to shake the widow's hand at parting I noticed she touched his hand very lightly.

Our journey home was devoid of interest and we were glad to reach again our snug quarters. Our success was fair, and we were charmed with all we met and hope to be long and well remembered by them.

JACK SNIPER.

The Sportsmen of Carson.

CARSON, NEVADA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The weather is such now that gladdens the heart of the sportsman. The long-wished-for storm has come, and your icy cold wave has departed. Ducks and geese are reported very plentiful along the river up Carson Valley, as many as one hundred in flocks, but very wild and hard of approach. The grangers are having great success and good sport, being situated so they can watch their flights, and thus locate their feeding and resting grounds, which gives them many advantages over their city cousins.

Geese sell readily at \$1.50 a pair; mallard ducks, \$1 a pair; other smaller kinds of ducks, 75c. and 50c. Although numbers of snipes are killed, they do not reach the market, as they are only killed by city sportsmen, and they shoot that they may enjoy eating them or making their non-sporting friends happy. Snipe shooting is quite difficult for the average Nevada granger, as he cannot steal upon a flock and pour two barrels into their midst, as with ducks and geese; and another great point in their favor is, that their size will not justify the granger wasting two loads of ammunition in attempting to slaughter them.

Quite a crowd of our city gunners are out to-day; look out for large killing in next letter. Thanksgiving day was so cold few could be tempted to forego their turkey dinners. One party brought in 20 ducks, 1 goose, 10 snipes, and 1 Virginia rail, a bird seldom seen in this region. Carson is blessed with numerous sportsmen, as we have the state officers and mint building located here at the capital, the employees of which have opportunities to enjoy a day's shooting that the average shooter has not. I will mention a number of the most prominent. Among those connected with the mint are: James Crawford, the superintendent, a jolly gentleman on a shoot of any kind. Jim can kill a bird now and then, but as a glass ball shot he ranks high (amongst the low scores). George Davis is the chief hunting spirit of that building, and as he takes the CHICAGO FIELD and abides by its precepts, is a terror to our Slavonian friends and all who traffic in game illicitly (a second Mohawk); he possesses a good spaniel dog, a fine Parker gun, and is a fine shot. L. Elrod, of same institution, is one who can be persuaded to take a duck shoot any favorable day; "Crum" handles his Parker more scientifically than his chief (Crawford), but is not as success at the trap. Mr. A. De Neuf, our jeweler, is the hunting comrade of Mr. Davis; they jointly own hunting wagon and outfit, and are generally successful. Chas. Laughton, Matt Follett and Jno. R. King, of V. T. R. R., are each good shots, and as their road passes good hunting grounds, are often found there. Mr. King is a patron of the CHICAGO FIELD, and is a good rifle shot.

Jas. Chesley, Deputy-Secretary of State, is an ardent sportsman and as clever a shot as Nevada contains; "Genial Jim" is his sobriquet. He can keep a crowd in better humor on a cold, frosty morning, en route, to shooting grounds, than any other man living, and is the general favorite. Henry Tickner and George Richard, respectively agent and book-keeper of Wells & Fargo's bank, of this city, are two gentlemen who usually shoot in company, and compare favorably with the best of our resident shooters. Chas. Meder and E. M. Hunt and Miles Wing are often met in quest of game in good localities, and meet with success befitting those who shoot for sport.

I have only mentioned those who belong to the Club, but Carson swarms with shooters. Angling artists also abound, but I leave them for later letters. The grangers on the Truckee Meadows and about Washoe Lake have declared war upon all who trespass, as some lawless Virginia City shooters have turned their attentions to shooting and maiming their cattle, which has rightly incensed them. "No shooting without permission" greets you with alarming frequency. There is a certain class of aliens residing in Virginia that should not be allowed to shoot or own a gun, as they poach and pot hunt in this county. It will work a hardship on most of the Virginia sportsmen, as only a favored few are known to the grangers.

Many fine and valuable guns are owned in this city; the Parker, as you will observe, has the sway. Your late gun trial has shaken the faith of small-bore adherents fearfully; many who intended getting small bores now cling tenaciously to their 10's. But there is no gun like the 12. I read the trial report carefully and called many useful points, as no doubt have plenty of others who read the CHICAGO FIELD.

Ere this the annual field trials are over, and let us hope they were squarely conducted and the best dog won. And, Mohawk, let me suggest that you will not permit the losers this time to attempt

winning through your columns what they failed to win on the field, and persecute your readers with their tiring communications.

Allow me as one to add my meed of praise for the excellent stories written by Mr. Van Dyke, of California. They are not only interesting, but have been efficacious to poor shooters. I fancy I see many a lover of the gun smile when reading of the trials poor Bolton endured, and exclaim, "Bolty, old boy, I have been similarly situated." Depend upon it, Mr. V. D. has, and ditto with

STUB AND TWIST.

Hammerless Guns.

KILVINGTON, THIRSK, YORKSHIRE, ENG.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—There can be little doubt that Mr. Greener is correct when he says that the best barrels and locks are made in Birmingham, and it is only in finish that a London maker can possibly beat Birmingham, and from the enormous rent paid for shops in London this costs a good deal. This does not prove that the best Birmingham makers can't get as good labor and put on as good finish as in London, only that people expect a cheap gun from Birmingham and go there for that purpose.

To call W. W. Greener a second-class maker is the height of injustice, for he has built the winning guns at most of the gun trials, and as he employs the best hands, his higher grade of guns have the best possible finish.

With regard to the hammerless gun, its merits are best set forth in the following letter written by Colonel Goodlake to the London Field, and the Colonel is as competent to judge as any man I know:

"I will now say a word on what I confidently expect will be the 'gun of the future,' viz., the hammerless. Mr. Greener has most kindly placed his wedge-fast hammerless gun at my disposal for a practical trial. The absence of hammers makes the gun very convenient, especially for covert shooting. I have tested, as far as I possibly can, its durability in all weathers, and in heavy shooting. Added to which I cannot speak too highly of its simplicity, combined with safety and ease of manipulation. It has the top-lever action, and the exploding of the cartridge is by Anson and Deeley's lock arrangement. Its self-cocking arrangement is effected by the raising of the breech ends of the barrels, which work smoothly in opening the gun and cocking the locks. All parts of the locks are exceedingly strong, especially the tumblers and sears. The locks contain fewer pieces than those of an ordinary gun. There is no swivel. Strikers and nipples are dispensed with, their office being performed by the tumbler, the point of which strikes the cap of the cartridge. There is no half cock, but in its place there is a safety bolt that works on the left side of the gun. This arrangement is exceedingly simple, and effectually bolts the triggers from behind. It can be worked by the thumb of the right hand whilst grasping the gun. For extra safety, the triggers may be (and should be) bolted before the gun is loaded; and the bolt can be withdrawn by the thumb while in the act of raising the gun to the shoulder.

It is a different gun altogether to Mr. Murett's. The latter's is cocked by pressing the lever, which is placed over the guard. His locks are of the ordinary description, with the strikers attached to the tumbler. I find that with this gun of Mr. Greener's I can sight better all sorts of game, owing to the absence of hammers, than I ever could with them. This gun has also the inestimable advantage of ensuring safety in loading, as, after its discharge, you lock it, thereby preventing any accidental discharge (into you, or within an inch of you, as has several times happened to myself), by a careless loader handling hammers and triggers.

Again, there is nothing to catch in your watch chain, your dog whistle, or your cartridge extractor, all of which articles I have found ere now to hitch in the hammers of my gun. In short, I have no hesitation in saying that I most highly and thoroughly approve of this gun, and most strongly recommend it to my brother sportsmen.

GERALD L. GOODLAKE, COL.

Denham Fishery, Uxbridge, Jan. 14.

[We have carefully examined Mr. Greener's gun, and fully agree with Col. Goodlake's opinion of the action.—Ed. London Field.]

I have the gun mentioned by Col. Goodlake in the above letter, and can fully endorse all he has written in favor of the hammerless gun. I had the gun in America, and I think you, Mr. Editor, can testify as to its workmanship and finish, and as it has never gone wrong in any way since I got it, although used hard, I am satisfied it is not more likely to get out of order than a gun with hammers.

T. H. SCOTT.

Migratory Quails.

BOSTON, MASS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Knowing your interest in the introduction of the migratory quail into this country, I write you in reference to the success attending the importations made into Southeastern Massachusetts.

A batch of two hundred, released by myself in the town of Wareham last Summer, mated, nested, reared their young, were seen occasionally during the Summer, and have now left, presumably for the South. Evidently they take kindly to our climate, and evidently, also, their instincts will preserve them from the heavy snows and severe cold of our winters, which prove so fatal to our native quail. This part of the problem having been solved, I am now awaiting with interest the solution of the remaining branch, namely, will they return next Spring to the spots at which they were released? They were last seen there on the 7th of November, and the sportsmen have since found no trace of them.

There would appear to be odds of ten thousand to one that the birds, flying down the length of our continent, spending the entire winter in the South, and spreading over thousands of miles, perhaps, in their rambling there would not return to this same state; and still more, to a particular county in this state, to a particular town in that county, and finally to a particular wood lot, brook and meadow in that town. Yet the evidence is fast accumulating to prove that they will do so. Here is the latest instance:

In the town of North Falmouth, on Cape Cod, in this state, is a long wooded peninsula known as Nye's Point, and owned by Mr. Downer. In the Summer of 1878 Mr. Downer released upon this point a batch of migratory quails. In time they bred, raised their young and disappeared. In the late Fall of last year not one was to be found upon the point. In the early part of November of this year two large flocks of migratory quails were found upon that same wooded point from which they had taken their flight the preceding year. How many more could have been found by searching is unknown, as it was not desirable to disturb or harass the birds. Presumably the two coveys accidentally walked up were but a small portion of the birds that had returned to take possession of their old quarters.

Such instances are very encouraging for those Northern and Western sportsmen, who are so interested in the introduction into this country of a rapidly breeding, thoroughly game bird, adapted to furnishing abundant sport in the Fall, and able to protect itself, by its migrations, from the deadly winters of the North and West.

HORACE P. TOWET.

A Hoosier Coon Hunt.

CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—A drive of twenty miles in a covered wagon over pike and mud roads took us from Fairmount to Xenia, Ind. The boys had a violin, guitar and flute, and the music, together with a bucket of apples and keg of cider, served to "kill time." Our destination was a "log house;" and, although unexpected, we were hospitably received.

After supper the dogs were called. The smallest had the reputation which *Bud Means* gave, "Heaven and earth couldn't make him let go." An ax, a lantern and a rifle, completed our equipment and we started for the woods feeling "right pert." We had the good fortune to join forces with one of Xenia's sportsmen who was out with his hounds. The first howl which announced a trail was answered by a yell which made the woods ring. Then the miscellaneous crowd rushed on till we found hounds and dogs "barking up a tree." It was a great poplar about five feet in diameter. "They reckoned the coon was thar and she had to come down." The ax in the hands of expert choppers rolled down a pile of chips, and in a few moments the great wood resounded with the crash of the falling giant. The dogs rush in for the game; but, to our disappointment, no coon can be found. Then the search begins anew, and in a few moments the hunters' sagacity suggests that we have urged the dogs backward on the trail; this is an unusual occurrence and the owner of Taylor and Fluke shakes his head in amazement. The dogs are now called to the stump of the tree and immediately they strike out on the trail. Our huntsman pronounces it "hot;" for a mile we follow through woods and over rail fences. This time we bring up at the foot of a tree shooting straight up and overtopping the surrounding forest. The moon is now shining, and high in the top, we can see our coon lying close in a fork of the branches. Ralph finds a place where he can sight his rifle against the full light of the moon, raises it slowly, a sharp report, our coon leaps into the air and falls among the eager dogs at the foot of the tree. This is the moment of extreme excitement; dogs and boys howl and shout in chorus, till some one succeeds in pulling out the lifeless coon. The trophy is held up for inspection, after which we return to the log house, winding our way under the great trees and along paths worn by the noiseless moccasins of the painted savage whose history lies buried with his broken spear and hatchet. The boys pronounced it a "right smart coon hunt."

LYNX, JR.

MISSOURI VALLEY NOTES.—Missouri Valley, Ia.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Duck shooting has been nearly a failure with us this Fall. Our best shooting was in September; the late flight of birds not stopping with us, owing, probably, to the sudden freezing up of lakes and sloughs early in October; there are a few left with us, but not enough to entice the sportsmen out after them. There have been some geese on the sand-bars along the Missouri river, but not as many as in former years. Prairie chickens are very plenty in the corn-fields on the Missouri river bottom, and a fair bag can be made by a good shot and strong shooting gun, by walking them up in early morning and late in afternoon. Quails are plenty, but it takes good work and good shooting to make a good bag, as they almost invariably make for the timber and thick brush or across the streams, when flushed, where it takes some fine snap shooting to bring them to bag. We have enjoyed a very pleasant shoot the past week in company with Mr. Geo. E. Poyner, of Clinton, Ia., and Mr. W. C. Ellis, of this place, shooting part of each day for five days, and bagging some 150 quails, and some forty prairie chickens, besides other game. Mr. Poyner worked his red Irish dog Boston (Bob—Duck) and red Irish bitch Duck (H)—and a bitch out of Poyner's Fan, by Rufus), and they are a very promising brace. Mr. Ellis worked his Llewellyn bitch Di (Druid—Bell), nine months old, and an extra good one, and ought to make her mark, and we worked our red Irish bitch Jessie (Grouse—Gypse). We had some rough weather but on the whole all seemed to be well pleased with the hunt, and in parting wished for many more. Some of our sports took a trip this week for wild turkeys, but failed to find them, although they are reported to be quite plenty this Fall. We expect to try them soon, and if success crowns our efforts, will report. In closing I must say a few words in regard to the late CHICAGO FIELD gun trial, and that is, that it has given more general satisfaction than anything of the kind held heretofore, as all the undertakings of the CHICAGO FIELD have done, and much information can be gained by studying the report.

QUINNEBAUG.

Notes.

LEAF LAKE, OTTERTAIL CO., MINN.—Having read Dr. Coues' articles on the grouse family in your splendid paper, I thought I might add, without giving offense, the information I have just obtained in regard to the noise that the sharp-tails make when perched in trees. Capt. Back, of Fargo, says "they do it with their tail feathers." A friend of his has a tame one which he has watched, and therefore is certain. This may seem to some readers a trifle, but it is all such trifles put together that makes natural history so interesting and gave Dr. Elliott Coues a fame well earned. A pity it is that there is no punishment for plagiarism except the scorn of the honest. Trot them out. I have just returned from a successful deer hunt in company with Capt. Back, Lawyer Guptill and a chip of the Captain's from Fargo. We had found a drive in the shape of a half-moon coming out altogether into a large marsh, with two deer running in the crescent. One having a magazine of bullets and buck shot in her was brought to grass by the "Chip," who cut both her hind legs off, with a charge of buckshot, as she was on the full jump. As a matter of course most of your readers well know what a happy party we were; all in at the death, and then the yarns at night over the camp-fire in the "lynx" den. I pity the jury if Guptill ever opens for the defense; he can beat all in telling "short yarns," eating slowly and snoring. I asked him how he got along at home; he confidentially informed me his wife "was stone deaf." Capt. Back is a genuine sportsman, a splendid shot and genial companion. His knowledge of frontier life would make a splendid work if published. He has spent over sixty years amongst every tribe, can speak with all tribes, with the toe of his boot quicker than lightning; they call it "sign talking." Had it not been for his knowledge of surveying, the party would have perished coming home, as they got lost in the thick woods on the Otter Tail River, and had nothing to eat but one poor rabbit for over "four hours." When they arrived at my mansion they were famished. It is astonishing what a little way the double haunches of venison go in a party of four hungry hunters. We intend next time putting them on rations, only allowing eight pounds of venison to a man at a meal.

LYNX.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Sportsmen around Nashville are having a splendid time just now. Quail are abundant, good bags being made, even within sight of the city. Down about Reelfoot lake, turkeys, ducks, geese, and deer are very numerous, and all who go there come away delighted at their success. Gen. W. H. Jackson met with a slight accident while out gunning on Thanksgiving day. By the premature discharge of a gun in the hands

of Captain B. Hord, a few small shot penetrated the thigh of the General, inflicting a trifling wound; it put an end to their day's shooting, but did no serious harm. Foxes are very plentiful, and with the lovely moonlight nights we are now enjoying, Reynard is kept in a constant state of excitement. Col. W. H. Johnson has a superb pack of thoroughbred foxhounds, and when they open you may be sure that game is ahead. "Possum and coon hunting is a favorite sport out here, and, judging by the numbers offered for sale in the market, it is not only well patronized, but successfully. I have a friend here who has a dog which is as sure to tree a 'possum as he goes out, and, what is most remarkable, he either makes him take to a tree out of which he can be shaken, or else he will leave it and start another, and so on until he does make him take such a refuge. I had hoped to have a run after one last night, but a little natural consequence in the overseer's family prevented, though in a short time that will have passed and been forgotten, and the hunt revived.

CLIMAX.

CINCINNATI, O.—Mr. Pat McAvo, of Clifton, a suburb lying about two miles North of the city, had the luck of shooting two deer, on, or near, the premises of James Ruffin, lying about five miles from Cincinnati. The deer are, at present writing, on exhibition at a butcher's in Clifton. It was at first supposed that the deer had escaped from the Zoological Garden or from the private garden of some gentleman about there, but up to the present writing no one has claimed them as pet deer. It does look as though they are genuine. Mr. McAvo, the gentleman who shot them, is the same man that shot the lioness a few years ago, that escaped from the Zoological Garden; he is about fifty years old and an extraordinary fine field shot. All the Dutch-saloon keepers are scouring the woods about here with their hounds, expecting to bounce more deer. The game law is being obeyed about here pretty well; cause, no birds. I had a few days' hunting, and very much of the latter, in Boone and Kenton Co.s, Ky., and had the pleasure of seeing three solitary quails in four days' hunting. The report all over Kentucky where I have been is, no birds. I had the pleasure a few days ago of entertaining Mr. James Melville, of Ironton, O., a gentleman and very enthusiastic sportsman. He reports quails and ruffed grouse shooting good about Ashland, Ky.

PRIVATE LIMBERG.

ROCKVILLE, IND.—I have just returned from a week's ducking expedition to the Kankakee. A party of sportsmen from our town was at their club house at Bannis bridge, sixteen miles south of Valparaiso, about the first of November, and found shooting very fine, bagging about 700 ducks, mostly mallards. When the warm weather set in, a few days later, the ducks left, and it was thought they had gone North, and when it turned cold again some of us confidently expected they would return in great numbers. In this we were sadly disappointed. They did not come, and our bags were small. Can the CHICAGO FIELD tell where the ducks are? Are they still north of the Kankakee, or have they gone to the far south? G. W. C.

[We regret we cannot answer the conundrum.—ED.]

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I am just home from a two-days hunt after quails at Guthrie, Ky., where I had fine sport shooting over my fine setter bitch Fly—twenty-two months old, by Davidson's Chester, out of the famous bitch Kansas Beauty. Result—first day, 39; second day, 50, which is the best bag I have heard of this season. Fly is an extra good one for her age. I. M. B.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Our association, the Delaware Game Protective Association, intend trying prairie chickens on our peninsula. We have sent out an order with the Maryland Association for quite a number of Messina quails. Our association under the new "Act of Incorporation" is a grand success, and we are enforcing the law. G. C.

NEW MOOREFIELD, O.—Quails are not quite as plenty this Fall as last, yet we have enough to give us good sport next Fall if the Winter is not too hard on them. We have had a few snipe this Fall, but not enough to make it an object to go after them. G. D. B.

PEMBROKE, KY.—A few birds only remain in this section (after their return from water courses) as they found almost every field fallowed for corn, or already green with wheat, and their only refuge in the timber. WARE.

Trap Shooting.

Pigeon Shooting in Wisconsin.

CROSS PLAINS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The following are the scores made at a pigeon shooting match, held at Cross Plains Friday, Nov. 28. H and T plume traps, twenty-one yards rise.

First Match—Sweepstakes; entrance, \$1.50; five single rises each. Money divided into 40, 30, 20, and 10 per cent.

A. M. Daggett.....	3	Fred Stolts.....	3
J. E. Fisher.....	4	Frank Stolts.....	3
S. Tuttle.....	4	C. H. Arland.....	5
E. Lampman.....	3		

Arland first money. Second and third ties divided. Second Match—Entrance, \$3; ten single rises each. Money divided as in first:

A. M. Daggett.....	8	Frank Stolts.....	5
J. E. Fisher.....	9	C. H. Arland.....	10
S. Tuttle.....	7	Maj. Whazle.....	10
E. Lampman.....	7	H. Willard.....	10

Tie on 10, at 26 yards. Arland.....2 Willard.....2 Whazle.....0

Arland and Willard divided. Ties on 9. Fisher and Stolts divided. Ties on 7, at 26 yards.

Ties on 7, at 31 yards. Third match—Entrance, \$1.50; 5 single rises each.

Arland.....	2	Daggett.....	3
Tuttle.....	4	Lampman.....	3
Frank Stolts.....	4	H. Willard.....	4
Fred Stolts.....	3	Whazle.....	1
Fisher.....	5		

Fisher, first. Remaining money divided proportionately among ties. Fourth match—Entrance, \$3; 10 single rises each.

Arland.....	9	H. Willard.....	8
Whazle.....	8	Fred Stolts.....	6
G. Willard.....	8	Frank Stolts.....	8
Fisher.....	7	Daggett.....	7
Tuttle.....	8	Lampman.....	9

Money divided proportionately among the ties. Fifth match—Entrance, \$1.50; 3 double rises each.

Fisher.....	10	10	10	3
Tuttle.....	10	10	10	3
Whazle.....	10	10	10	3
H. Willard.....	10	10	10	3
Lampman.....	10	10	10	3

G. Willard first, Arland second money; H. Willard, Lampman and Daggett divided third; Tuttle in tie on 3 got fourth money.

C. H. ARLAND

Thanksgiving Shoot at Dubuque.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Enclosed please find score of a friendly shoot that came off on Thanksgiving day last. You will see the "old chief" got away with the boys as usual, he shooting a muzzle loader,

No. 12; 7½ lbs. weight; 5 drs. powder; 1¼ shot; he has shot the same gun for 36 years, and shot it at all distances, missing only one bird in 42 angles; killing 23 out of 23 at 30 yards, and 19 straight at 21 yards, pretty good for an old flint lock.

First match, 21 yards.

Sam Cox.....	11111-5	D. E. Lyon.....	11111-5
F. Stout.....	11111-5	P. Miller.....	01111-4
Woormood.....	01110-3		

Second match, 21 yards.

Sam Cox.....	11111 11111-10	Miller.....	10111 10111-8
F. Stout.....	11111 11111-10	C. Cox.....	11111 11111-10
Woormood.....	11100 10110-6	B. Bissel.....	11110 11111-9
D. E. Lyon.....	11111 11101-9	Root.....	11011 01111-8

Third match—30 yards; E. R.

Sam Cox.....	11111-5	C. Cox.....	10101-3
Stout.....	11111-5	Miller.....	11011-4
F. Cox.....	11110-4		

Ties on 5. Sixth match—30 yards; E. R.

Sam Cox.....	11111-5	F. Cox.....	11101-4
Stout.....	10111-4		

Ties on 4. Second tie.

Stout.....	001-1	F. Cox.....	001-1
Stout.....	00-0	F. Cox.....	01-2

Sixth match; 3 pairs, 21 yards; 4 singles, 21 yards.

Sam Cox.....	1111	11	01	10-8
Stout.....	1001	11	11	10-7
Woormood.....	1111	11	10	10-8
Miller.....	1111	10	11	00-7
C. Cox.....	1111	00	11	00-6
B. Bissel.....	0011	10	11	11-7
Root.....	1111	11	11	11-10
Tom Daiseon.....	1010	10	11	10-6
H. Fischer.....	1110	11	00	11-7
T. Cox.....	0111	10	10	10-6

FLINT LOCK.

The Evanston Sportsmen's Club.

EVANSTON, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Not seeing any report of this club's Thanksgiving shoot in the last number of the CHICAGO FIELD, I presume none of the members have furnished you with the score; and although the shooting was not remarkable, the first half having been shot by the participants with overcoats and rubber coats on, owing to the rain, it is worth while to note that the club is flourishing, and very perfect arrangements were made by Messrs. Pierson and Reed, for a full attendance and pleasant time.

I cannot give you the score in detail, but believe the following aggregate is correct: Tame pigeons; 21 and 26 yards rise, including a few double birds; practice for cost of birds, followed by sweepstakes; 50c. entrance.

Birds.	Shots.	Birds.	Shots.
Johnson.....	59	Pierson.....	56
Kimball.....	48	Lydston.....	54
Raymond.....	49	Rounds.....	47
Reed.....	38	Gale.....	44
Gilbert.....	24		

Our newly elected county treasurer, it will be observed, did himself credit, as did Mr. Pierson, while the rest, all things considered, have no reason to be ashamed of their score. Fact is, it was a bad day, and the birds did not act well at all.

This club can turn out a strong team, and should wild pigeons be plenty next season, will probably do considerable "popping." Allow me to congratulate you upon your very complete report of the gun trial; upon the improvement in your cover and head; and, in fact, upon the undiminished ability with which the CHICAGO FIELD is conducted.

SHOOTING STICK.

GRAND DETOUR, ILL.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Enclosed please find score of the first Lee County Gun Club regular shoot held here this day, Nov. 28. The weather stormy, and the strongest lot of birds in the world. The attendance was small. The first shoot was for the medal, 15 birds, 21 yards.

George Steel.....	10101 11001 11110-10
H. Drew.....	10000 01001 00111-6
Dr. J. Pankurst.....	11010 11011 10101-10
E. Bates.....	01010 01010 11110-9

Steel and Pankurst shoot off for medal, at 26 yards, 3 birds.

Steel.....	101-2	Pankurst.....	101-2
Steel.....	101-2	Pankurst.....	100-1

Steel wins. Second Shoot—10 birds; pool, \$1.00.

G. Steel.....	01111 01111-8	E. Bates.....	11100 11111-8
J. Pankurst.....	10101 01111-7	H. Drew.....	11100 11011-7

Steel and Bates shoot off for \$1.00, 26 yards.

Steel.....	01010-2	Bates.....	11111-5
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E. Bates wins. Third shoot—21 yards. Pool \$2.

J. Bates.....	11111 11111-10	Dr. Pankurst.....	11111 000w
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Bates wins. Fourth Shoot.

Pankurst.....	11111 11110-9	Bates.....	01111 11111-9
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Tie, 26 yards. Pankurst.....001-1 Bates.....111-3

Bates and Pankurst shoot at 3 pair double birds.

Bates.....	10 11 11-5	Pankurst.....	10 10 11-4
" 2d shoot.....	11 11 11-6	" 2d shoot.....	10 11 11-5

This was a pleasant time. We agreed to meet again at Ashton, Dec. 2, for another contest. Col. Foley scored, and John Bain refereed.

E. B.

MISSOURI VALLEY, IOWA.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Match for club badge of Missouri Valley Gun Club. Entrance, price of birds, also four turkeys; class shooting; 10 single rises each; Gun Club rules to govern; tame pigeons, and a good lot. Weather cloudy, with strong N.W. wind, and very cold. J. P. Lahman, referee; C. Merritt, scorer.

Dr. E. J. Chapman.....	10011 01110-6	W. McPherson.....	11010 11111-8
E. F. James.....	01001 11111-7	J. D. Brown.....	10111 11010-7
J. W. Cook.....	11011 01001-6	C. Williams.....	10111 11011-8
O. A. Walker.....	11101 *1110-7	W. Sheldon.....	01100 10111-6
John Jordan.....	11101 11110-8	W. R. Parker.....	10000 00011-3

Ties on 8 at 26 yards for first. Jordan.....111-3 Williams.....110-2

McPherson.....110-2 J. Jordan wins badge.

Ties on 7 at 26 yards, for second. James.....111-3 Walker.....01w

Brown.....111-3 Second tie at 31 yards.

James.....100-1 Brown.....01*-1 Third tie at 31 yards.

James.....11-2 Brown.....1*-1 E. F. James wins second.

Ties on 6 at 26 yards, for third. Cook.....00100-1 Chapman.....00101-2

E. J. Chapman wins third. W. R. Parker wins fourth.

QUINNEBAUG.

AUDUBON CLUB MEDAL SHOOT.—The following is the official score of the Audubon Club shoot for the supremacy badge held by Abner Price, at Grand Crossing, Dec. 6; 15 birds; 5 ground traps; 33 yards rise; use of both barrels; Audubon rules. H. Porter, referee.

SCORE.

A. Price.....	00111 11111 01111-12
J. McCallum.....	11111 03011 11101-11
S. H. Turill.....	11001 11001 11011-10
W. B. Wilcox.....	11011 01111 11111-13
J. J. Kleinman.....	10110 11111 01110-11
Chas. Morris.....	10001 10111 00001-7
F. A. Lower.....	01100 01011 00111-8
J. A. Snyder.....	10111 01110 10101-10
C. E. Felton.....	11011 01111 11110-12
Thos. Stagg.....	10100 11111 10011-10
W. W. Foss.....	10000 00111 10000-8

W. B. Wilcox wins medal.

BOGARDUS SHOOTING SCHOOL.—Capt. H. H. Bogardus has leased the Tivoli Theater building in New York, No. 80 Eighth street, and has fitted it up as a school for wing practice at glass balls. He opened on Wednesday evening, 10th inst., when he was to shoot at 200 balls, sprung from six separate traps. The Captain will give a general exhibition of plain and fancy marksmanship, assisted by his son, Eugene.

WOODBRIDGE, N. J.—W. Baylis, of New York, and G. L. Haight, of New Jersey, shot a 50-bird match last week for \$50 a side, 26 yards. H. & H. traps; Long Island rules. Haight won by 42 to 39.

Natural History.

The Weather.

The weather, like all other terrestrial phenomena, has an origin. But a clear understanding of the great physical laws controlling it was needed to explain this once much-perplexing problem, which, in absence of positive knowledge upon this point, was relegated by the ancients to the supervision of special deities. As our religious conceptions widened, these departments were abolished, although the original notion was preserved, and thus the great Creator of the universe was held to exert a fitful control over winds and clouds, which were dispensed at pleasure according to special judgment of the case. Hence the prayers which are still offered regularly in many churches for the purpose of invoking divine intercession and averting disastrous floods, hurricanes or prolonged drowth. With advancing knowledge it was at last ascertained that these disturbances, which in greater or lesser force prevail on our temporary abode, are due to the same universal laws which cause a draught in our houses, or deposit a film of watery vapor upon a glass filled with ice water, and we need only to magnify the dwelling-room and the tumbler into vast geographical regions to understand the condition which control the great winds sweeping over our surface, or the floods of rain, which are the natural consequence of condensation of vapor, whenever they meet a cool current of air. If we open the windows of a heated room on a calm winter morning we create instantly a draught, which increases in proportion to the inequality of temperature within and without, and teaches us that the air has a tendency to adjust itself until its equilibrium is restored, which will happen when it is of equal density, or when, in other words, the temperature in and outside is the same. If the heat of the room is artificially maintained by means of a large fire, the inward rush of air will naturally continue, which conditions in turn a steady displacement of the light warm air. That this will flow out above the cold air we may easily ascertain by placing a feather or a lighted candle in its path. We need only to enlarge these phenomena and conceive the atmosphere surrounding our earth unequally heated, to understand why it happens, that there must be always a great aerial current flowing towards the heated equator, and another from that region back to the poles. Such circumstances would, therefore, create a steady North and South wind all over the globe, if this were an immovable body. But it is far from being stationary, since it rotates with a velocity of a thousand miles per hour through space. This rate of velocity, however, is not shared alike by all things upon its surface, the atmosphere which surrounds it including. It is easy to see that a man stationed at the ideal equatorial line would move faster than another on the center of the axis of rotation which we designate as the poles. And if both of them were to travel quickly toward each other, they would have to acquire a greater or lesser velocity as they find themselves in lower or higher latitudes. If they would do this instantly their direct north and south line would remain unchanged, but under other circumstances deviations would result. The equatorial man who has been accustomed to move ahead at the rate of 1,000 miles per hour could only slowly lose this rate of motion as he finds himself on going northward in parallels, when the motion of the earth gliding away underneath him becomes slower and slower. He would be somewhat in advance, as a man who stands upon a quickly-moving wagon will lean forward when the speed of the vehicle becomes suddenly lessened. The polar traveler, on the other hand, would find it necessary to quicken his speed as he advances toward the equator, as the earth underneath him revolves faster and faster, and he would be lagging behind, if unable to accommodate the inertia of his body to the continually altering motion. This may be demonstrated also by our inclining backward whenever the velocity of any carriage in which we move rapidly ahead becomes lessened. Air is a body and has weight and inertia like that of man, and only confounds our observations upon its motions by its invisibility. That it must move from the pole to the equator and back again, is owing to the same conditions which necessitate a rush of cold air into a heated room, and the consequent displacement of its light and warm air. These currents would be altered if the room was revolving and flow over each other in oblique directions. We designate them on a grand scale as the northeast and southwest winds, which prevail in our middle latitudes.

It is easy to see, then, that the primary impulse to all of these resultant motions is imparted to our aerial circulation by greatly refrigerated regions, which must exist somewhere upon our surface. Without them there would be no winds, or only draughts so feeble that they could not be perceived. We leave here the antarctic belts out of the question, since they have not been so thoroughly studied as our northern hemisphere by reason of their inaccessibility and their altered physical aspect, which on account of vast oceanic basins does not illustrate clearly the points under consideration. Wherever on the northern hemisphere the temperature is lowest we must therefore look for the origin of all the great winds which sweep, particularly during winter, over land and sea, and prove at that time of the year so disastrous to our commerce. For a long time it was held that the ideal North Pole was the cause of all of these disturbances, that the northeast winds prevailing there were deflected by the great parallel barrier of our Rocky Mountains, and appeared in eastern North America and the Atlantic ocean in the form of northwest winds. But extended geographical knowledge and many observations made by polar travelers have shown that the temperature on parallel 80° North, averages higher than that of the great Siberian plains which are south of it. The reason for this apparent anomaly may possibly be found in the warm ocean currents, which force their way between the shores of eastern Greenland and Europe. Though much refrigerated, they yet tend to lessen by their waters the extreme cold in those parts which would prevail there in conformity with the astronomical position of our earth. Their heat would be diffused into the atmosphere above them and raise their temperature. Thus Nova Zembla, on the northern shores of Siberia, has actually a milder climate than the interior to the south of it, where extremes of cold are recorded. According to a recent statement in the New York Herald, they are actually the regions of the highest barometric pressure known on the globe. Dr. Woelfel reports that at Yakutsk, near the river Lena, the cold of the winter is more intense than on the shores of the Arctic. The lowest observed temperature by Kane was 67° below zero, while 76° below zero has been reported from Siberia. The average thermometric reading at Yakutsk, in January, is 41° below zero. There must, therefore, be an enormous accumulation of condensed cold air in Northern Siberia, which would naturally diffuse itself like liquid toward the points of the least resistance, or toward the South. This pressure constitutes our so-called polar waves, which reach us from Siberia as northwest winds, and sweep during winter with such terrific force across the Atlantic Ocean, where their path is marked by disaster to shipping. A thoroughly refrigerated land mass like the semi-continental surface of Siberia would naturally part with what scanty heat it has received during summer, quickly, on account of its high radiating power, and the advent of March would, therefore, mark its minimum of heat. There is a coincidence of

this process to be noticed in the prevalence of the northwest gales along our coasts during that month, which then sometimes rage without interruption for several weeks, and account for the long passages of a hundred days or more of ships bound from Europe to the northern port of the United States.

Skunk Bite.

Much has of late been said and written for and against the poisonous effects produced by the bite of the skunk, and the controversy, far from being ended, is renewed with double vigor. By some hocus pocus the highly odoriferous liquid secreted in the glands of the skunk is conjectured to have more or less remote connection with the bite the animal inflicts, particularly when it is irritated. Seemingly veracious testimony as ample as that of the development of the hair worm, the hoop snake and swallow's dug-out of frozen mud comes to the van and corroborates from numerous authenticated facts the plausible theory which is accepted by many as a settled fact. If a direct poison were to flow into the wounds made by the teeth of the skunk, then invariable results must follow in each case, providing the animal is in healthy condition, and full control of all of its secretory glands. But this is far from being the case. Hundreds of persons, who of late years when the skin commands a fair price have made skunk digging a specialty, have been accidentally bitten without suffering any ill consequences beyond those of an ordinary sore. If the bite of any mammal were to be dreaded as particularly dangerous, then we would select the rat, which feeds upon the refuse of rotten garbage and the putrid offal carried along by sewers. Their teeth do come in direct contact with decomposed matters, which by experimental proof are poisonous to the extreme, when once they reach the circulation of the blood, which naturally happens quickly in case of a fresh cut. Many persons, however, have been poisoned by the bite of absolutely harmless animals, and cases of all of the symptoms of veritable hydrophobia are on record, when it was positively ascertained that the dog in question was perfectly free from the disease attributed to him by the sufferer. Such anomalies happen particularly to persons possessing a highly nervous organization, whose fears have overcome been excited to the highest degree, and produce these strange consequences connected with any accidental, otherwise harmless, injuries.

To show the wonderful power of the brain in analogous instances, it is only necessary to refer to the testimony of authorities in medical science. It is asserted that hypodermic injections for the purpose of producing sleep have time and again been made with water in place of morphine, while the patient was made to believe that it was the ingredient used on the occasion. And yet, notwithstanding the purely neutral effect of water, sleep quickly supervened just the same, by the excited sympathetic action of the nervous system. Its power also accounts again for the apparently miraculous recovery of some persons afflicted with chronic diseases, which defied all skill of treatment upon scientific principles. We know of a recent case, where a girl of twenty years of age had been suffering for over two years from acute nervous disorders, which confined her to her bed as a helpless invalid for over eighteen months. All medical remedies proved ineffective, and her condition was at last considered as hopeless. At this stage of affairs a negro woman of the common, ardent, and demonstrative pious proclivities, came upon the scene, and offered the panacea of her prayers as the last forlorn hope. Strange to say, the miracle was wrought, and in less than five weeks the prostrate invalid was capable to take once more, after the long lapse of eighteen months, moderate exercise in and about the house. To her dying day she ascribes her recovery to the efficacy of prayer offered up in her behalf by a small congregation of a half a dozen or more of duly inspired colored women, who were confirmed in their trust by a genuine case of recovery, due to their implicit faith. It is but just to add that this patient had a highly irritable and easily impressed mind, and that her attention had never been seriously directed to devotional thoughts until she met her savior. It is likely that similar circumstances are at the bottom of all the cures performed by means of animal magnetism, mesmerism and other like means, which have certainly been efficacious in many instances when the administration of all ordinary remedies was attended with failure. As cure, however, can be wrought, thus disease may also be originated; both are due to the common source of the sympathetic power of the brain. The slight irritation produced by the bite of an animal like the skunk may become intensified by the morbid condition of the mind of the bitten person. He continually dwells upon possible consequences irretrievably connected with the fluid of the animal, and thus aggravates a trifling wound into an incurable or fatal injury.

Nature and Art.

There has of late come in vogue a school of art, which is styled the conventional school. It broadly ignores faithful adherence to the true aspects of nature, whether animate or inanimate, and substitutes in their place a fanciful semblance, which emanates from the brain of the artist, who, without prolonged study, may thereby safely venture to enter within the temple of nature. He soars above the judgment of the true connoisseurs and depends for his laurels upon mere technical skill and a pleasing effect of color and light. The languid lady of fashion then condescends to call his efforts exquisite, pays an enormous price for falsification of realities, and soon establishes the reputation of the artist, which is measured by dollars and cents.

We do not here refer to those grand masterpieces of art, the many sublime allegorical productions of genius, where brain as well as brush attest to the greatness of the master, but to the imitative sketches, such as landscapes, marine scenery, or reproductions of animated nature. In these latter, especially high perfection depends solely upon accurate imitation and truthfulness, which of course requires years of patient study, and more labor than many artists are apt to bestow in their haste to acquire a brilliant reputation in the shortest possible time. We have thus seen pictures of mountainous regions where the heavy vapors were made to float in the heated valleys, around the cooled mountain tops, and where the arrangement and shape of the clouds were in broad contradiction to the physical conditions of portrayed surroundings. Not long ago we happened to visit an exhibition of pictures by a young celebrated artist, who had made within a few years a great reputation, derived chiefly from the fact of having studied in the galleries of Rome. There were some panel pieces exposed to the gaze of the visitors, with the halo of antique mode of style and therefore once more novel. On one of these a large branch of apple blossoms stood out in full relief with flowers fully developed and crowded upon bare twigs, without any accompanying rudiments of young leaves. It is certainly possible to the imagination to conjecture a blooming apple-tree devoid of its concomitant green adornments, after the manner of the cherry and peach, but realities do not deal with fictions, and the picture, therefore, was no picture, but an ideal phantom. A European sparrow and an owl, a specimen of which, if real, would have been a rare gift to any scientific collection, had been added to this sketch by the way of ornamentation. The sparrow

was figured with a tail not unlike that of a woodpecker, where the central feathers project, while its beak was curved to such a degree as to give it the aspect of a veritable miniature sparrow hawk. And yet this picture, nothing more than a mere daub to the critical eye, elicited broad praises, was admired by crowds of pretentious fashionable people, and finally sold at an enormous price. But art, it is argued, transcends nature; the initiated alone can understand her sublimity, and the opinion of the man who has made the attitude, color and shape of birds the study of half a lifetime is not worth the breath it is uttered with.

As a sincere admirer of the genius of man, which is capable of portraying the creation in her noblest forms, and improve upon wild exuberance of nature, as it does when transforming the humble native rose into the glowing fragrant ornament of our gardens, we would protest against such grotesque misrepresentations. They remind one of the caricatures of animals which so often deface the paintings of the earlier school of masters, who flourished before the era of the reign of organized common sense, which, for the sake of brevity, we call science.

A Quadruped Invasion.

At uncertain and distant intervals of time many of the northern parts of Europe, such as Lapland, Norway, and Sweden, are subjected to a strange invasion. Hundreds of little dark mouse-like animals sweep over the land, like clouds of locusts changed into quadrupeds, coming from some unknown home, and going no one knows whither. These creatures are the lemmings, and their sudden appearances are so entirely mysterious that the Norwegians look upon them as having been rained from the clouds upon the earth.

Driven onward by some overpowering instinct, these vast hordes travel in a straight line, permitting nothing but a smooth perpendicular wall or rock to turn them from their course. If they should happen to meet with any living being, they immediately attack, knowing no fear, but only urged by indiscriminate rage. Any river or lake they swim without hesitation, and rather seem to enjoy the water than to fear it. If a stack or a corn-rick should stand in their way, they settle the matter by eating their way through it, and will not be turned from their direct course, even by fire. The country over which they pass is utterly devastated by them, and it is said that cattle will not touch the grass on which a lemming has trodden.

These migrating hosts are accompanied by clouds of predaceous birds, and by many predaceous quadrupeds, which find a continual feast spread for them as long as the lemmings are on their pilgrimage. While they are crossing the rivers or lakes the fish come in for their share of the banquet, and make great havoc among their columns. It is a very remarkable fact that the reindeer is often seen in chase of the lemmings, and the Norwegians say that the deer is in the habit of eating them. This statement, however, seems to be rather of doubtful character. The termination of these extraordinary migrations is generally in the sea, where the survivors of the much-reduced ranks finally perish. Mr. Lloyd mentions that just before his visit to Warmeland, the lemmings had overrun the whole country. The primary cause of these strange migrations is generally thought to be hunger. It is fortunate for the country that these razzas only occur at rare intervals, a space of some ten or fifteen years generally elapsing between them, as if to fill up the places of those which were drowned or otherwise killed in the preceding migration.

The lemming feeds upon various vegetable substances, such as grass, reeds, and lichens, being often forced to seek the last-named plant beneath the snow, and to make occasional air-shafts to the surface. Even when engaged in their ordinary pursuits, and not excited by the migratory instinct, they are obstinately savage creatures. Mr. Metcalf describes them as swarming in the forest, sitting two or three on every stump, and biting the dogs' noses as they came to investigate the character of the irritable little animals. If they happened to be in a pathway, they would not turn aside to permit a passenger to move by them, but boldly disputed the right of way, and uttered defiance in sharp, squeaking barks.

The color of the lemming is dark brownish-black, mixed irregularly with a tawny hue upon the back, and fading into yellowish-white upon the abdomen. Its length is not quite six inches, the tail being only half an inch long.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Orchids.

Those most interesting plants, orchids, so well known from the ardor with which they are cultivated on account of their beautiful and singular flowers, are pre-eminently tropical, and are probably more abundant in the mountains of the equatorial zone than in any other region. Here they are almost omnipresent in some of their countless forms. They grow on the stems, in the forks or on the branches of trees; they abound on fallen trunks; they spread over rock, or hang down the face of precipices, while some, like our Northern species, grow on the ground among grass and herbage. Some trees whose bark is especially well adapted for their support are crowded with them, and these form natural orchid gardens. Some orchids are particularly fond of the decaying leaf-stalk of palms or of tree ferns. Some grow best over water, others must be elevated on lofty trees and well exposed to sun and air. The wonderful variety in the form, structure and color of the flowers of orchids is well known; but even our finest collections give an inadequate idea of the numbers of these plants that exist in the tropics, because a large proportion of them have quite inconspicuous flowers, and are not worth cultivation. More than thirty years ago the number of known orchids was estimated by Dr. Lindley at 3,000 species, and it is not improbable that they may be now nearly doubled. But whatever may be the numbers of the collected and described orchids, those that still remain to be discovered must be enormous. Unlike ferns, the species have a very limited range, and it would require the systematic work of a good botanical collector during several years to exhaust any productive district—say such an island as Java—of its orchids. It is not, therefore, improbable that this remarkable group may ultimately prove to be the most numerous in species of all the families of flowering plants. The fleshy aerial roots of most species give them a very peculiar aspect, as they often grow to a great length in the open air, spread over the surface of rocks, or attach themselves loosely to the bark of trees, extracting nourishment from the rain and from the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere. Yet notwithstanding the abundance and variety of orchids in the equatorial forests, they seldom produce much effect by their flowers. This is partly due to the very large proportion of the species having quite inconspicuous flowers, and partly to the fact that the flowering season for each kind lasts but a few weeks, while different species flower every month in the year. It is only at long intervals that the traveler meets with anything that recalls the splendor of our orchid-houses and flower shows.

Another Sea Serpent.

Stories of the appearance of strange marine monsters are always treated with ridicule, and yet what innate improbability is there about them! It is confessed that man is not familiar with

all the animals that dwell upon the land, though the land is his own home, and though its surface is three times less than the surface of the sea. What, then, is more likely than that monsters exist in the depths of ocean which man in his wanderings over its surface has never encountered? There may be no sea serpent now in existence, but the records of the geological strata show that the archetype of the sea serpent once swam along the shores of the slowly developing world and perhaps frightened with his horned crest the still unevolved man. Nature is careless of types, to be sure, as well as of individuals, but there may be a few old-fashioned saurians left in the sea. If so, it was a very creditable specimen of the class that appeared to the crew of Life Saving Station No. 1, at Sandy Hook, on Saturday, as announced in the telegraphic dispatches. Four of the men say they saw the creature, and this is the way one of them describes it:

I had been lounging about the house all day. About 3 1/2 o'clock in the afternoon I was dozing on a bench when I heard some of the boys rushing about the house. There appeared to be something unusual going on. I got up and looked out, and saw the devilish looking fish I ever put my eyes on. It was moving along about as fast as a man could walk. I took a pair of strong glasses, and followed it along the beach. It was not more than 300 yards from the shore. With the glasses the head looked as large as a hog's head. The front of the head looked square, and was about three feet high, with a projection two feet long, extending from the top of its head. The eye toward the shore was as large as the top of my hat, was shiny black, and had a white edge. It had a very fierce look. After I had followed it about a quarter of a mile below the station it gave its tail a shake, made a plunge and disappeared. This was the first sight I had got of its tail, and from the head to the tail it was at the least calculation 300 feet long. It was moving along the water the same as an eel. The head and several parts of the body were constantly out of the water. It was some species of serpent.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Notes.

A NEAT little pamphlet entitled *An Essay on the Bible Narrative of the Creation*, by A. R. Grote, A.M., has lately been published by Asa K. Butts, of New York. The author, present director of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, and former vice-president of the American Association for Advancement of Science, has in this essay undertaken the task of critically reviewing the history of the Mosaic account of creation, which, as well known, is in direct conflict with the opinions held in this respect by ninety-nine out of a hundred of scientific men. Its perusal will well repay time and the trifling expense, as it affords a correct insight into the views entertained by those who regard the scientific record of the scriptures with a skeptical eye.

—A correspondent to the *Scientific American* has some skeptical notions in regard to the fatal consequences arising from the bite of the skunk, and relates in support of these his own experiences when at the age of nineteen years his hand was mangled by a skunk. He is now, according to his own affidavit, fifty-five years, and is inclined to think the fatal cases are of the same order as those of centenarians, who die from the use of tobacco.

Hunting.

The Made Hunter.

People will differ considerably as to what exactly constitutes a made hunter, and it is more than probable that ninety-nine out of a hundred horses thought by their owners to be made hunters, would be by no means qualified for that position by general opinion. Our great dealers do their best, and spare no money or pains to get the best hunters procurable; but how often do they get hold of the horse to suit every one? They know, however, that the majority of their customers are not so extremely exacting as to require nothing but perfection, and the rule in a dealer's establishment is to have horses of a variety of stamp and character so as to give a choice and a chance of supplying every sort of quibble and crochets. If a customer happens to be a stranger the dealer has to study human nature a little. A very great stress about safety, or a hesitating, nervous look, as the fine, slashing gray bends his back, and gives a playful kick as he leaves the stable door, would assure the dealer without any further inquiry that the particularly quiet bay horse, five or six stalls from the grey, would be the more suitable animal of the two. Then, again, the man of the soldier-like bearing, who talks coolly, and asserts, without hesitation, that he wants something to carry him well to hounds, is shown in full confidence something that is known to be pretty good, though it is equally known that it pulls a bit, and wants steadying at its fences. The two horses may be both very good hunters, but they belong to two different styles to suit two different sorts of people; and whereas the bold man will do admirably upon one, he would be out of his element upon the other, which wants a something in addition to his temperate manners to make him exactly a made hunter. There are many degrees in these particulars, but it amounts to this—that the very out-of-the-common hunter of all is very seldom on sale to the general public; as there are some few sportsmen who will have them, cost what they will, and when quite a *rara avis* drops into a dealer's hands he knows exactly where to send him to. In my travels I have had some pointed out to me that cost 700 gs., but not many; and to equal these I should have to think of those select studs where the horses have been bred for the establishment, or, oftener, perhaps, selected for it as four-year-olds, and made to their vocation. As a rule, the majority of hunters are bred upon farms, and they are either first handled by the farmer or his men, or otherwise sold as colts to those who professionally break hunters to sell them to the dealers and others. In either case the education must be of a rather hurried nature, and very often the farmer is a sportsman himself, and likes to combine pleasure with profit; so, allowing that he lets his own man or the village coltbreaker take the young one out, say as a four-year-old, to trot about and look at the hounds, he is pretty certain to take him in hand on his own account as a five-year-old, and then he has to do as hunters do. If he is a natural jumper, all the more pleasure for the farmer who rides him straight; and as a baby horse naturally would do, he gets into the farmer's ways, and for the latter makes an excellent hunter. But is this any reason why he should do for any one else? The farmer may have had good hands or not, or riding with a stout heart in him, he may be fond of going fast at his fences, whenever there was an opening to take a good place. The straight-going propensities of such a horse under such a man is very soon seen, and a dealer's agent or one of the field buy him as a hunter; but has he had the education at all to make a made hunter? He has carried a good man, and he could do it again, and the dealer could recommend him to the soldier-like sort of man, who simply asks for something to carry him well to hounds. I fully expect a horse purchased as I have above stated, is likely to be altogether a better animal than the horse purchased as a colt, to be profes-

sionally broken as a hunter, as in the latter case there is a lot of artificial teaching, and as the horse has been bought as a speculation to sell again, he has nothing done to him that is likely to hurt him, and for all that he is hurried along to be made salable as early as possible. The shows nowadays include a good many such horses as these, and I expect it is very much this stamp of horse that fits the character of the quiet bay a few stalls from the grey, as his artificial education has taught him to jump, and be temperate; but he has never been ridden much to hounds. To make a hunter of the very A1 class must combine something of the two systems; or, to explain clearly, he must be gradually, and in a measure, artificially broken, but his breaking must all be done in the hunting field. His education must be a matter of time. He must have the trotting about with hounds as a four-year-old, and at five years old the most important part of his education must begin. He cannot be a made hunter until he is six years old, and he hardly reaches the character until seven off. Thus he is about three years learning his vocations, so thus involving much expense and time, and a still more important difficulty presents itself to a beginner in having young horses converted into made hunters in the matter of finding men capable of the duties such an undertaking requires. At cover side ere now I have noticed the quiet, dapper-looking little man, neatly dressed in Newmarket-cut coat, Bedford cords, well-cleaned butcher boots, and spurs to match in point of tidiness. He might have been the well-to-do innkeeper or tradesman; but the superior character of the horse, and the very respectful demeanor of the man would incline one to believe that he was a gentleman's servant of the best order. A consummate horseman he is, it is no difficulty to see, as there is the seat of the jockey, and the ease of one who might have done a bit between the flags, or performed anywhere in the saddle. What strikes one most, however, is the unruffled quietness of the man. If the horse jumps or springs, there is no disturbance between him and his rider, there is no hurry, he is never in a crowd; and horses may be kicking in play to get away, men getting excited to take a front place, and hounds running like mad in cover ere they break; but there is no alteration in the countenance or manner of Mr. So-and-So's man, and the young one is to all appearance the quietest horse in the field. A capital eye to country, too, has this good horseman, and with a knowledge of hunting gained by practice, he is often looking on by himself as the fox steals away, and as the huntsman brings up the pack, he gets a clear line to settle the young one down upon just over a few fences, and to steady him again before the ruck of the field were rushing about to inculcate excitement or bad manners. Under such tuition a horse gradually comes accustomed to every phase of the hunting field. He learns to hold himself when the hounds are in front of him, and he thus becomes a level, easy galloper, whilst he is taught to do his fences as his rider likes, and not as he likes. He does not do anything wrong, as he is never given the chance, and after a season or two seasons of this description of education, it is hardly to be wondered at that a well-bred animal should become perfect, or, in other words, a made hunter. But what a trouble he has been from the time he was a foal, as for at least two years there was the uncertainty of what he would grow to, as to get the necessary size, there would be some plebeian blood in him, and he would be very nearly a three-year-old before any one could fairly pronounce him a hunter, a carriage horse, or a van horse. When once backed, such a judge as the above tutor of young ones to hounds could form a very fair opinion of what could be done with him; but there would still be the uncertainty of temper, and the doubt, until tried, as to whether he would jump freely and naturally. For seven years he would be costing money without affording any amusement to his owner, and so he might, rightly enough, be considered a costly article by the time he does his first run as a hunter proper. It might be argued that very few sportsmen would give a horse such a chance to be perfect as I have described above; but I have known several who would not think of riding a hunter until he was six rising seven, and who have invariably kept a man especially to tutor a young one or two in the hunting field until they were that age. Whether they have always been fortunate in having the right man for the office is another question, and probably this difficulty has induced many of late years to chance the opportunities of purchase in preference to having the article made for themselves. I expect, however, that it is the only royal road to insure a perfect stud of hunters, and when we read of one of Messrs. Tattersall's sales, where hunting men have bid almost wildly in hundreds when certain studs come to the hammer, is it not because the horses are known to be specially made hunters after somewhat the receipt I have given? It is, perhaps, only a few favorite mortals who can always aspire to ride made hunters, but I know how the charm is appreciated by the novice on his first acquaintance with such a luxury. I recollect a young gentleman who had been accustomed to ride to hounds all his life on all sorts of cattle, from the £15 thoroughbred screw to the two-guinea hack of a livery stable, and in rather a stiffly enclosed country he was given a mount by an owner of one of these priceless studs of five or six, and who, in addition to keeping a first-class man to be always bringing on a young one, kept a pack of harriers almost for the purpose of tutoring hunters for his own riding. The young gentleman rode the made hunter very straight, and chatting over the run in the evening expressed himself that he saw nothing at all in rich swells talking about hard riding, as who could not ride such a horse as he had ridden that day. One that could not do wrong, that wanted no handling, was like an arm-chair to sit upon, and however high he jumped you could hardly feel it. I do not think hunting men are so particular now-a-days as they used to be, for certain it is, however wealthy a man may be, if he sells his hunters at the end of a season he cannot expect, in getting a fresh lot, to have all made hunters, as where could they come from? We read in former days that some men were so crotchety and particular that if a horse made a mistake they would never ride him again; and we are also told that even in days when ordinary hunters were not so expensive as they are now, certain horses were regarded altogether as priceless. Mr. Edge (famous for his breed of pointers), of Strelly Hall, near Nottingham, had three famous hunters, called Remus, Banker and Guzman. No man could beat Mr. Edge on either of them in a burst, although they carried 20st., and the excellence of Guzman was remarkable from the fact that he carried his owner every Monday for nine seasons in succession, and the luxury of riding such horses may be estimated by the fact that Mr. Edge was offered £50 for one day's hunting on Banker, and 2,200gs. was refused for Remus and Banker conjointly. Such horses as these could hardly have jumped into any sportsman's possession, and is it not probable that they were broken and converted into made hunters in the old-fashioned way for Mr. Edge, especially as we know that it was a hobby on the part of that gentleman to bring animals to perfection? I say the old-fashioned way, because I know that against the prevailing system of buying a new stud every season, several old Nestors of the chase still have their own hunters tutored by a good horseman, to be available for their own riding when six or seven years old, and I think it could be shown that these old gentlemen have preserved their nerves and straight-going propensities in an extraordinary degree, owing, in a great measure, to the perfection of their hunters. We have seen in modern days that hard-riding men have gone well for a

few seasons and then have lost nerve, and almost entirely thrown hunting up. Such men have mostly ridden anything, and have been by no means particular about made hunters, so that in doing things more thoroughly the past generation have certainly shown signs of staying longer than the present. There is no doubt that the made hunter must always be in demand. He is every rich man's affair, because everybody can ride him, and he is of as much or more importance to the very middling performer in the saddle as he is to the downright good man over a country who likes to go well on a safe conveyance. It would be very beneficial I think to the noble pastime, and to the breeding of hunters generally, if hunting men were to give a little more attention to the subject of made hunters, and not only in an eagerness to possess them, but to concern themselves about the manufacture of the article, as to his breeding, his rearing, and his education. —Our Country Correspondent, in *Bell's Life*.

Rifle.

Report on Experiments with Rifles, etc., made by Messrs. Holland and Holland.

The following experiments with rifles, made by Messrs. Holland & Holland, which we copy from the columns of the last issue, to hand, of our English cotemporary, the *Field*, will prove of especial interest to our readers, in view of our intended trial. It is rather curious that the idea of a trial of rifles, should have suggested itself to Messrs. Holland & Holland and ourselves, without either knowing of the other's intentions.

"We have great pleasure in laying before our readers the following interesting series of experiments, undertaken by Messrs. Holland and Holland, of New Bond street, to carry out the views of our several correspondents as far as is compatible with the absence of game itself. They were made in our presence, with the exception of those for velocity.

The material used in testing penetration is that known as yellow pine, which is a very homogeneous wood, with few knots; and, not being so hard as elm, it allows of a more delicate comparison than that wood, which has hitherto been the standard material for testing penetration. All the shots were taken by Messrs. Holland's assistant, whom we have already described as A1, and capable of bearing even the sledge hammer blows of the 4 bore, loaded with 14drs. of powder, although he was driven back fully a yard from the rest. Every shot was at forty yards from butt of rifle to first board.

In these experiments the Martini-Henry is taken as the standard of comparison, and is therefore given as 0, the others being numbered in succession up to 22.

We think the results obtained from these experiments constitute the most thorough and complete series ever made with the various bores and charges used, and they will certainly afford valuable data for sportsmen using the larger kinds of rifles, and desiring to know something beyond those results obtained by the ordinary rule of thumb experiments, with which, up to the present, sportsmen have had to be satisfied.

Messrs. Holland conducted these experiments at their rifle-testing grounds at Willesden. The rifles were all fired from a gunmakers' table rest. The pine boards, 12in. square and 1in. thick, were picked over, and those containing knots discarded, as far as was possible. The frame used for holding the boards was long enough to carry thirty-two boards, these sliding down through iron pegs, and held by them firmly half an inch apart. The recoils were taken from *The Field* machine, screwed up to 50lbs., as in our last trial of shot guns; and Messrs. Curtis and Harvey were kind enough to allow Messrs. Holland to use their Bouleigne chronograph for testing the velocities. The following are the results:

SHOT 0.

Rifle, Martini-Henry—450-bore. Charge, 35grs. government powder No. 6. Wads, jute and wax. Bullet, conical hardened (one part tin, twelve parts lead). Length of bullet, 1.277; weight, 48grs.; ditto after firing, 437 1/2 grs.; loss, 49 1/2 grs. Penetration, 22 1/2 in. boards. Velocity, 1,295 feet per second.

SHOT No. 1.

Rifle, 500 Express—length of barrels, 26in.; weight, 9lb. Charge, 4drs. C. & H. No. 6 grain powder. Wads, jute and greased cloth. Bullet, conical hardened (one part tin, nine parts lead), solid. Length of bullet, .905in.; weight, 38 1/2 grs.; ditto after firing, 368 1/2 grs.; loss, 13 1/2 grs. Penetration, nineteen in. boards. Velocity, 1,610 feet per second. Recoil, two shots were fired, the first giving 96lbs., and the second 96lbs. Remarks.—Front of bullet somewhat flattened.

SHOT No. 2.

Rifle, 500 Express—Same as No. 1. Charge, 5drs. C. & H. No. 6 grain powder. Wads, jute and greased cloth. Bullet, conical hardened (one part tin, nine parts lead), solid. Length of bullet, .905in.; weight, 38 1/2 grs.; ditto after firing, 325 1/2 grs.; loss, 55 1/2 grs. Penetration, 27 1/2 in. boards. Velocity could not be registered. Recoil, two shots were fired, the first giving 106lbs., and the second 106lbs. Remarks.—Bullet almost intact. The 5dr. charge made much deeper indentation upon the iron target than the 4dr.

SHOT No. 3.

Rifle, 577 Magnum Express—Length of barrels, 26in.; weight, 10lbs. 2oz. Charge, 5drs. C. & H. No. 6 grain powder. Wads, jute and greased cloth. Bullet, conical hardened (one part tin, nine parts lead), solid. Length of bullet, .896in.; weight, 50grs.; ditto after firing, 472 1/2 grs.; loss, 27 1/2 grs. Penetration, twenty-two in. boards. Velocity, 1,560 feet. Recoil, 114lbs. Remarks.—Walls of bullet intact; the head slightly flattened.

SHOT No. 4.

Rifle, 577 Magnum Express—Same as No. 3. Charge, 6drs. C. & H. No. 6 grain powder. Wads, jute and greased cloth. Bullet, conical hardened (one part tin, nine parts lead), solid. Length of bullet, .896in.; weight, 50grs.; ditto after firing, 441 1/2 grs.; loss, 60 1/2 grs. Penetration, 27 1/2 in. boards. Velocity, 1,680 feet. Recoil, 120lbs. Remarks.—Bullet almost intact.

SHOT No. 5.

Rifle, 577 Baker Express—Length of barrels, 28in.; weight, 11lbs. Charge, 6drs. C. & H. No. 6 powder. Wads, jute and greased cloth. Bullet, conical hardened (one part tin, nine parts lead), solid blued-headed. Length of bullet, 1.097in.; weight, 64grs.; ditto after firing, 60grs.; loss, 47grs. Penetration, 26 1/2 in. boards. Velocity, 1,500 feet. Recoil, 130lbs. Remarks.—Bullet nearly perfect.

SHOT No. 6.

Rifle, 577 Magnum Express—Same as No. 4. Charge, 6drs. C. & H. No. 6 grain powder. Wads, jute and greased cloth. Bullet, spherical hardened (one part tin, nine parts lead). Weight of bullet, 287 1/2 grs.; ditto after firing, 276grs.; loss, 11 1/2 grs. Penetration, 12 1/2 in. boards. Velocity could not be registered. Recoil, 105lbs. Remarks.—Bullet considerably flattened. The indent made upon 2in. iron target was apparently the deepest obtained, being one-eighth of an inch deep, besides the lip of about one-sixteenth of an inch raised up.

SHOT No. 7.

Rifle, 577 Baker Express—Same as No. 5. Charge, 6 1/2 drs. C. & H. No. 6 grain powder. Wads, jute and greased cloth. Bullet, conical hardened (one part tin, nine parts lead), solid, blued-headed. Length of bullet, 1.097in.; weight, 64grs.; ditto after firing, 61grs.; loss, 37grs. Penetration, 26 1/2 in. boards. Velocity not taken. Recoil, 145lbs. Remarks.—Walls of bullet perfect, head considerably crushed through coming in contact with a hard curl or knot in the wood. Had this bullet kept its shape as well as No. 5, this would probably have given the greatest penetration throughout the experiments.

SHOT No. 8.

Rifle, 12-Bore—Double-barreled; length of barrel, 26in.; weight, 11 lb. 12oz. Charge, 4drs. C. & H. No. 6 grain powder. Wads, waterproof and greased felt. Bullet, spherical hardened (one part tin, nine parts lead). Weight of bullet, 594 1/2 grs.; ditto after firing, 587 1/2 grs.; loss, 11 1/2 grs. Penetration, 10 1/2 in. boards. Velocity, 1,156 feet. Recoil, 112lbs. Remarks.—Front of bullet somewhat flattened.

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ADVERTISEMENTS under this head (excepting Kennel advertisements, which must go under their proper department) inserted for Three Cents for each word. The money must be sent with the advertisement.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Second Annual

TOURNAMENT

OF THE

Rock Island Gun Club

WILL BE HELD AT THE

GUN CLUB PARK,

IN EAST ROCK ISLAND, ON THE

16th, 17th & 18th of December,

Under the Rules and Exclusive Management

OF THE

Rock Island Gun Club.

The Tournament will be Class Shooting, Free for all Sportmen of good standing.

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Headquarters for sportsmen at the Rock Island House, at reduced rates

Street cars run from Rock Island and Moline every 15 minutes to and from the Shooting Park.

PROGRAMME.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, DEC. 16.

Shoot No. 1 will commence at 10 o'clock a. m.—Ten single rises, 21 yards. Entrance \$7, including birds. Fifty per cent. to first; thirty per cent. to second; twenty per cent. to third.

Shoot No. 2 will commence at 2 o'clock p. m.—Ten single rises, 21 yards. Entrance \$10, including birds. Forty per cent. to first; thirty per cent. to second; twenty per cent. to third; ten per cent. to fourth.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17.

Shoot No. 3 will commence at 9 o'clock a. m.—Ten single rises, 21 yards. Entrance \$7, including birds. Fifty per cent. to first; thirty per cent. to second; twenty per cent. to third.

Shoot No. 4 will commence at 1 o'clock p. m.—Ten single rises, 26 yards, both barrels. Entrance \$10, including birds. Forty per cent. to first, thirty per cent. to second; twenty per cent. to third; ten per cent. to fourth.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY DEC. 18.

Shoot No. 5 will commence at 9 o'clock a. m.—This will be a grand Club Shoot; 9 single rises, 21 yards, and 3 double rises, 18 yards. Each team to consist of two shooters. Entrance \$30, including birds. Forty per cent. to first; thirty per cent. to second; twenty per cent. to third; ten per cent. to fourth.

Shoot No. 6 will commence at 1 o'clock p. m.—Six single rises, 26 yards, and 4 single rises, 31 yards. Entrance \$7, including birds. Fifty per cent. to first; thirty per cent. to second; twenty per cent. to third.

The balance of each day will be shooting to suit the shooters, made up on the grounds, and will not be connected with the shoot proper.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

1880.

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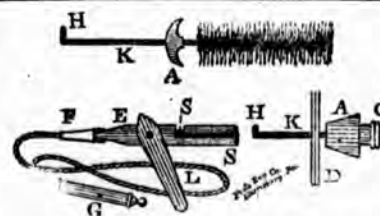
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